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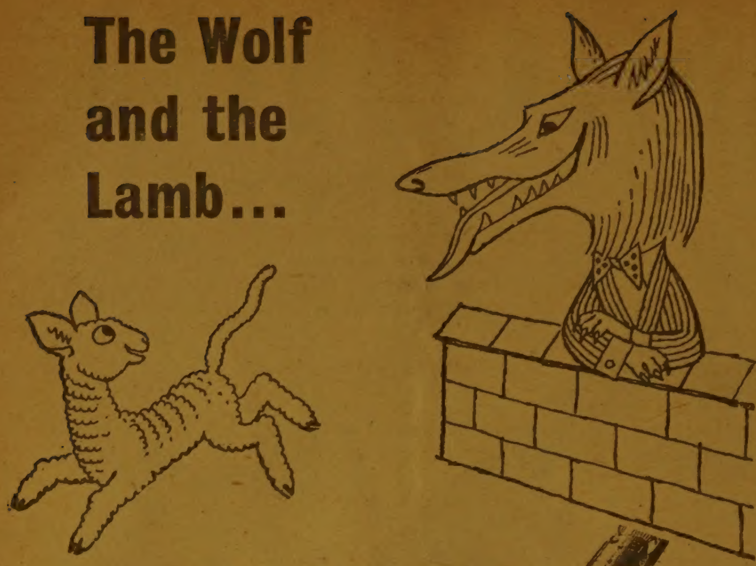
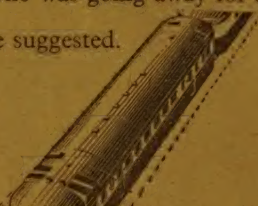
'Portrait with Rose', by Betty Shaw-Lawrence: from the exhibition 'Trompe L'Oeil' at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, London (see page 206)

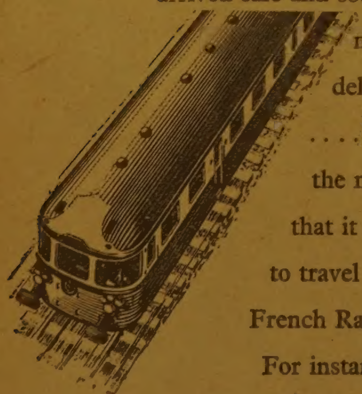
In this number:

The Wolf and the Lamb...



Wolf was roaming through France when he met a sweet little lamb who was going away for a holiday. "Coming with me?" he suggested. But she shook her head. "I'd rather go by rail" she said and climbed aboard a train. "Foiled again!" snarled Wolf feeling hungrier than ever. Lamb, of course, arrived safe and sound after an excellent meal and a most delightful journey. . . . . Which points the moral that it is best to travel by French Railways. For instance:





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FEBRUARY

SMITHEREENS

On February 7th, 1845, a visitor to the British Museum broke the Portland Vase. For many years we had believed that the miscreant was an Irishman named Smithers, and that this was the origin of the good word 'smithereens'. Minute study of the evidence, however, reveals that it was a Mr. William Lloyd, that he pleaded 'delirium arising from habitual intemperance', and that he got off with a fine of £3, the cost of the glass case under which the vase stood. Which leaves us nowhere on the philology of 'smithereens', but reminds us of a sad between-the-wars incident. A man in England was expecting a present—a decanter and some glasses—from Vienna. But when the parcel arrived, a gentle shake told him that at least some of the glassware had, in the phrase that was later to become popular, had it. Indeed everything was smashed. Decanter and glasses, they had all had it. Smithereens. The man lifted it all up in its own winding sheets of brown paper, to transfer to the dustbin, when he noticed a label stuck on an inner wrapping. It was the Viennese shop's warning to all English-speaking handlers of the consignment. It read, simply, INEXPRESSIBLY BREAKLY.

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CONTENTS

Can We Avoid a Third World War?

The first of two talks on world strategy today by SIR JOHN SLESSOR

THE problem that today obsesses the mind and chills the hearts of men all over the world, to an extent hitherto unknown in history, is the problem of peace or war. I suggest that we add to our confusions by failing to define objectively what we mean y these terms 'peace' and 'war'; or—should I say?—by thinking i terms of outdated definitions. Peace is obviously more than the mere bsence of fighting. And war may be none the less deadly though the annon be silent and no bombs drop.

Let us take as the text for this discussion Laurence Sterne's definition, ritten nearly 200 years ago. 'For what is war', he asks in *Tristram handy*, 'what is it, when fought as ours has been upon principles of *berty* and upon principles of *honour*—what is it but the getting ogether of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands,) keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds'. I venture to iggest that that sentence, in its classic economy of expression, pitomises almost all there is to be said about what should be the rategic policy of the free world in this troubled second half of the wentieth century. 'Quiet and harmless people'—they need not be ppeasers in the new-fangled sense of that much-abused word; nor hould they isolate themselves from the storms of the world, even if they ould. Cromwell's Ironsides started as quiet and harmless people, but ney fought like tigers in defence of what they believed to be right.

Then our swords must be in our hands; in a super-sonic and thermo-uclear age it is no good thinking we can forge them, or draw them from ie armoury, after the emergency is upon us. The strong man armed lone can do today what we must do if our civilisation is to survive—e can prevent the outbreak of what we used to know as war. And I ould especially invite your attention to Sterne's idea of the object of rategy. It is not that we should be 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon', so to speak; not that we should impose our will and way of fe by force upon peoples who do not think as we do; no—it is that e should 'keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds'. I annot think of better words to describe my own, and what I believe to e Her Majesty's Government's, idea of the strategic aim of the free orld in this day and age.

Let me elaborate a little upon the familiar definitions of peace and war. I wonder whether our memories in this context are not rather too short. Do not we especially, who remember, however dimly, the spacious days before 1914, make a mistake in regarding with nostalgia, as a normal condition of human affairs, that age in which the British Fleet maintained—with relatively minor interruptions—the peace of the world for 100 years? We spoke after 1918 about a return to normalcy. Surely the nineteenth century was in fact a quite abnormal period. Has not the normal condition in human affairs, as in nature, been one of strife—of men preying upon man as beast preys upon beast; of tribal and racial squabbles for water or grazing grounds; of the Mongol horde or Attila's Huns or Alexander's far-flung ambitions; of wars of conquest to carry Roman or British order and civilisation to remote, barbaric regions; of dynastic wars and campaigns for territory or the spoils of trade?

Nevertheless, as the organisation of human society progressed, there did come about a reasonably clear-cut distinction between the state of peace and the state of war. Conflicting interests and ambitions remained. But as civilisation took deeper root, and before the rise of twentieth-century barbarism in the sinister form of the fascist and communist dictatorships, there was an era when the elementary decencies did play some part in international differences of opinion. The object remained the same—to impose the national will upon your opponent. But, in doing so, nations did as a rule have some regard for international agreements and solemn obligations involving the rights and interests of others, and did not adopt, as an immediate matter of course, the tactics of Al Capone or Jack the Ripper. So there were periods of 'peace' in which, when international issues arose, nations sought to get their way by persuasion, by the process known as diplomacy, supplemented by various relatively civilised devices such as dynastic matrimonial alliances, financial inducements, or barter of territory. But periodically the time came when a nation could not impose its will on an opponent by diplomacy and, if it felt strongly enough about it, tried to do so by force, by this process known as 'war'.

All this is rather over-simplified, but it is roughly what used to happen. At a given moment there was a little formality known as the declaration of war; you withdrew your ambassador, marched your army over the other fellow's frontier, defeated his army and occupied his

territory, and got what you wanted that way—if you were lucky and stronger than your opponent. The point is that these two methods—that of diplomacy in 'peace' and armed attack in 'war'—were all part of the same continuing process, the imposition of the national will upon the enemy.

Finally—and this is the real point to which I would direct your special attention—the object of adopting the alternative of war as an instrument of national policy was to bring about a condition of world affairs more favourable to yourself (or to the coalition of which you were a member) than would have been possible if there had not been a war. There, I beg you to note, is the real definition of winning a war—not merely to force an enemy to lay down his arms and accept your terms. No nation willingly went to war unless they (or their rulers) believed either that they would be worse off if they did not fight, or that they would be much better off after the war if they did.

A Message of Hope?

The reason why I lay such emphasis upon this definition of winning a war is that on it I base my personal conviction that the advent of the hydrogen bomb carries for us a message not of despair but of hope. I believe that it is generally recognised on either side of the Iron Curtain (indeed, I am not always sure that we understand it as well as our adversaries) that there is not the remotest chance of anyone winning a third world war. And I do not believe that anyone would take it on as an instrument of policy. It is not inconceivable that we might still stumble into it by accident or miscalculation. I personally do not think that is probable. People say to me: What of the paranoiac, the mad dictator? I admit that Hitler might have launched the hydrogen bomb, had he possessed it, in the extremity of defeat, and taken civilisation with him to his crazy Valhalla. I do not believe the Kremlin would run the risk, as a deliberate act of policy: chess is the Russian national game, not poker. I do not delude myself that they would be debarred from any course, however murderous, by ethical considerations or any feelings of humanity. Their wearisomely consistent advocacy of atomic disarmament is merely a natural and transparently obvious gambit, to put the free world at a fatal military disadvantage. But they know as well as anyone that they cannot conceivably derive any advantage from hydrogen warfare. And, in my belief, they will not force a third world war provided (and this is a crucial proviso) we leave them in no doubt whatever that if they push us to the point when our vital interests are mortally threatened, we shall not hesitate to use the bomb—if necessary be the first to use it if we are attacked.

This is a crucial point for the free world. And it would be idle to pretend that it may not some day face our leaders with an appallingly difficult decision. There is no suggestion here of 'preventive war', whatever that may mean—and President Eisenhower recently exposed the utter lack of meaning in that parrot phrase. The point is that our potential enemies must not be allowed to cherish the illusion that they could get away with a world war using only conventional weapons, in which they would be at a decisive advantage. They know they could not survive thermo-nuclear war; and the possibility that we might not survive it either is not likely to be a sufficient inducement to them to undertake it.

Where do we go from here? I have spent many years of a rather long military career in trying to impress upon other people the truth that Sir Winston stated in his speech at Boston in 1949 that 'for good or ill, air mastery is today the supreme expression of military power'. Nowadays I find myself more often concerned to emphasise that air power cannot do everything. I believe that air power, allied with atomic and thermo-nuclear energy, has had the result that total war, as we have known it in our generation, has abolished itself—incidentally, the only way it could be abolished. But I see no evidence whatever to lead anyone to suppose that our enemy, the militant communist, has deviated one inch from his aim—a communist world dominated by Moscow, in which the Kremlin hopes that China will be a valuable but subsidiary ally in Asia. And if it be true (as I believe it is) that the obsessed planners in the Kremlin have realised that the time has passed when they could hope to storm the ramparts of the free world by the direct and massive frontal assault, then it follows only that they will seek to undermine our defences by indirect attack. Their obvious tactics are to find unguarded flanks, exploit dissensions in our ranks, rot our resistance from within, wear us down and exhaust our resources, play upon our weaknesses, including our impatience and the natural aversion of sensible people, with better things to do, to this apparently unending military vigilance; in fact, what I have described elsewhere as the tactics of the termite, subversion, infiltration, and th exploitation of factors like immature nationalism, outdated anti colonial sentiment, and failures on our side to move with the times— the sort of thing that won them what we cannot deny was a notabl success in Indo-China.

What this means, surely, is that the old conception of war and peac has now become outdated; that this new condition, that we call th Cold War, is a permanent condition, and that we must deal with i on Sterne's prescription, keeping the ambitious and the turbulen within bounds, until such time as they come to recognise that co existence cannot mean communist domination; and until perhaps th general increase of human prosperity with the exploitation of this ric world's resources results in communism being generally recognised a the tedious and squalid anachronism that it is.

But meanwhile this new sort of war will continue; and it is unsaf to assume that it will not from time to time flare up into the sort o explosion we have seen in Korea and Indo-China. Against this sort o local aggression the Air Force can be an indispensably valuable partner but it cannot in itself be decisive. Air power, in the full sense of th term, is essentially an unlimited instrument. These 'other Koreas', a I call them, of the future will be (or should be) what used to be calle 'limited' wars, and must be handled in a limited way. As Mr. Dulle himself has said, we cannot afford to blow up every local war into th third world war. And I think it is essential that we should understan that in this sort of tactical episode in the new war of our day ther is no substitute for tough, well-trained, professional soldiers on th ground. They must be covered and supported by tactical air—and w cannot assume that in another 'Korea' the enemy will again make u a present of complete immunity from attack for our bases and airfield and lines of supply by land and sea. There in the background must b strategic air to 'keep the turbulent within bounds'. But air power wil not do the whole job for us on the cheap. And, whether we like it o not, if we are to play our part in checking the further spread of militan communism, we have got to be ready to share with our Asiatic allie the unwelcome burden of meeting aggression on the ground by forc on the ground.

There is my view of what I may call the general lie of the countr over which we have travelled. Let us now look round at the landscap at the point we have now reached. It would be idle to deny that i the year just ended the free world has had reverses as well as successes That, incidentally, is always the way in war—and it is my theme tha we are now in the third world war and have been for a number o years. War is a matter of ups and downs, and the thing is not to b unduly elated by the ups nor depressed by the downs, but to be abl to discern the general trend of the conflict. In this I think that, whil we have no excuse for complacency, we have cause for encouragement

Historic Departure from Traditional Policies

In western Europe, the final collapse of the E.D.C. concept (whic should not have surprised anyone who had been familiar with tha project from its inception) marked the end of the two or three waste years, of which perhaps the most dangerous feature was the threat t the stability of Dr. Adenauer's regime in western Germany. The elatio in the Kremlin over that reverse to the western cause was cut short b the London nine-power agreement, of which the terms, while on th face of it less favourable to France than she could have obtained unde E.D.C., are far more realistic and practical. That agreement had narrow escape from disaster in the French Assembly at Christmas time But that hurdle was jumped, and the desperate Soviet attempts t wreck the agreement show what an immensely important success i will be for the free world. As a result, both Great Britain and th United States have accepted commitments which represent a histori departure from our traditional policies. The point which I confes puzzles me about it is how it can be reconciled with the political aim which is repeatedly stated by responsible Ministers of the free countries of securing the reunification and independence of Germany. I can se no prospect of getting free elections leading to German unity as lon as the Red Army is in eastern Germany; and (though I think Dr Adenauer would be unwilling to admit this) there is, I believe, not th slightest chance of the Red Army evacuating the east as long as allie forces remain in the west.

I do not for a moment question the sincerity of German assurance at Lancaster House not to use force to reunify their country, but th continued partition of Germany seems to me to be an unnatural an potentially dangerous situation. I would like to have seen the extensio

the Brussels Treaty principle carried still further; and had previously ggested elsewhere that, after German rearmament had arrived at an equate stage of strength and efficiency, allied forces should be with-awn from German soil, under certain safeguards, whether or not the d Army withdraws from the Soviet zone. But the attitude of the ench during the negotiations of this summer shows that it was prema-e to hope that politico-strategic thinking in France had yet arrived ar the stage at which anything of the kind would be practical politics. will not attempt to foretell how this dilemma will be resolved.

I am not suggesting that there can be any question of our going ck unilaterally on our solemn obligations under the London agree-ent, nor that we accepted those obligations with our tongue in our cheek as an expedient to save the Atlantic Alliance. But I am still willing to bet that British and American forces will not in fact still be on continental soil in twenty years time. I still hope that, if we go the right way about it, France will by then be persuaded that an adequate safeguard is to be found in Anglo-American air power; and that under an Anglo-American guarantee, any attempt by a resurgent, militarist Germany again to dominate the Continent by force could only result in her cities and arsenals becoming a mass of radio-active rubble. Once that is understood, there opens up the prospect of allied withdrawal from the Continent, of German reunification by peaceful means, and the beginning of relief from the present crushing burdens of conventional armaments.—*Third Programme*

Persia: a Country Between Two Worlds

By WILLIAM CLARK

EVER since I returned to England a few days ago I have had a sort of Rip van Winkle feeling. It is not that I have been asleep but for most of the past five weeks I have been r away in Persia. From Teheran or Tabriz the orld and its problems look very different, though they e basically the same. Persia cannot fail to be sperately interested in the cold war; she is sand-ched between the communist and non-communist orlds, with borders touching Russia and Pakistan, urkey and Iraq. Persians know quite well that in irely military terms the key to the Middle East, and the oil which powers Europe, lies inside their country the passes through the Zagros mountains, for they e the only path by which Russia could reach the rsian Gulf and its oil.

All that is true, all that is obvious on a map; but fore I had been in the country a week I could see at ploughs and tractors not tanks and guns will , indeed are, the weapons in the real struggle for rsia; because Persia is the country, above all others know, whose future will be decided by our ability, e west's ability, to help her to develop into modern, prosperous state. Here we have, as see it, in miniature the basic long-term battle r Asia; the struggle of an under-developed country against utter poverty and unending want.

The Maidan of Isfahan, old capital of Persia: in the background is the dome of the Great Mosque

Ruins of Persepolis

Phrases about under-developed countries are a commonplace of all political discussion nowadays, but I for one have been pretty hazy about what exactly is meant by under-developed. I had an inkling last March when I took an unusual route to Pakistan and flew right across central Persia. It was an unforgettable sight: for hundreds of miles in every direction I could see majestic mountains vividly coloured in reds, greens, and greys. But there seemed no sign of life—animal or vegetable—the scene was like those reconstructions you find in geological museums of 'the earth before the coming of life'.

It was with that picture in my mind that earlier this month in Teheran I asked the head of the Persian economic planning department what his country particularly needed for development. His answer was simple: 'everything'. And now, after driving throughout the country, I see that he was not exaggerating. The first thing that struck me about driving in Persia is that the roads are empty, desolate, deserted. In India the horn is constantly blowing to warn off pony traps, camel trains, and

flocks of sheep and goats. In Persia I often drove thirty or forty miles without seeing a living being, except perhaps a couple of ravens or a hawk wheeling overhead in the cold, cloudless sky. Not a tree nor a bush broke the geometric designs of the mountains stretching away to the horizon. Only every ten miles or so—a day's march in fact—a decaying square of mud walls with an air of infinite antiquity showed another empty, deserted caravanserai. The air of melancholy that hangs over Persia comes from these signs of civilisation running down, of an ancient glory that is departed.

Lack of Hygiene

I had only to visit a village to understand this better. Everything about this lonely and remote village of sun-dried mud bricks, was traditional; for instance, its water supply came from a mountain spring two miles away, and was carried in an underground channel which for 2,000 years had been kept open by men worming their way through the passage which is just big enough to admit their bodies. Once it reaches the village the water empties into an open ditch running down the centre of the main street. That acts as laundry, sewer, bathing place, as well as being the sole source of drinking water. It was not surprising to find that before they reach the age of one year, more children die than live. Almost alone amongst the countries of the world, the population of Persia has fallen steadily in the last 500 years.

It was long after dark before I heard the tinkling of bells and knew that the herds were being driven back into the village. I was told that they were so late because the shepherds had to wander further and further afield, since the land near the village had been grazed till it was utterly bare. Yet I noticed that (in a country rich with oil) all the fires were of charcoal or camel thorn. Already most of the trees have been destroyed for fuel, now the scant vegetation is being devoured by man and beast—soon the land will be utterly bare. That is what 'under-developed' really means. Yet I am perfectly aware that this process has been going on for centuries, without comment, without explosion. But there is a new revolutionary factor now, and that is hope.

Between two political worlds Persia is offered hope by both. The Russian radio, and the Tudeh Party, offer hope of salvation through communism; the western world through its oil payments and even more through technical assistance offers hope that the peasant can stand on his own feet. I saw something of these efforts by technical assistance to help the peasants, to bring them out of the world of the Old Testament in which they live into the modern world of the twentieth century. In Persia the programme is being carried out mostly by Americans under the Point Four scheme, just as in neighbouring Pakistan it is done by British Commonwealth technicians under the Colombo Plan. So it was a gently drawling farmer from the State of Utah who took me round the village under his care. I saw village elders being taught the elements of hygiene, how to keep drains separate from drinking water; I saw one proud and terrified youth learning to drive a tractor; I heard sceptical farmers being told how to breed bigger and better cattle. I asked my guide: 'How long will it take for all this to have any real effect on the Persian peasant?' 'A generation', he replied, 'but I reckon we won't be here half that long. We're missionaries of the twentieth century; we preach the good news and then trust to the converts to carry on the work'.

Imperial Past

It is hope that is stirring Persia to change, but it is pride—memories of her past—which gives her a confidence that is difficult to justify on grounds of reason. You cannot escape the impact of her imperial past if you travel in Persia. One morning in Isfahan, the old capital of Persia, I was woken just before dawn by my guide and taken up a long marble staircase to the roof of an old palace. As the sun rose over the city it revealed cascades of brilliant blue tiles; arches the size of the west front of Peterborough Cathedral covered within and without by an intricate geometric design of mosaics; minarets that seemed the height of Nelson's Column in lapis lazuli and, floating amongst them all, domes of perfect azure. It was a sight more lovely, more serene, than I have seen in Rome or Oxford, Delhi or Athens. It was a moment of pure romance, because for me, as for most of us, Isfahan is a name of legend, a lost city of the past. But not for the Persians, for them it is a proud part of their history, and of their present heritage. They showed me pictures of Shah Abbas the Great receiving messengers sent by our Queen Elizabeth I, by the Emperor of China, the Kings of Arabia and
Afghanistan, and the Tsars of Russia. Over the door of the pal
the Shah had inscribed: 'Isfahan is half the world'. Only 400 ye
ago it was the capital of Persia and the hub of a world that stretch
from the Pacific to the Mediterranean. Today the greatness and t
glory of the buildings remain, but tucked away in Isfahan, which h
no railway and only a tenuous link with the outside world by road a
an occasional 'plane from Teheran.

In Persepolis, the palace built 2,500 years ago by Darius the Gre
I noticed one inscription recording that Xerxes built roads so that h
imperial messengers could reach the farthest limits of his domain
India or Greece within a few days. And, as if to emphasise the isolati
which has today overtaken this heart of Empire, it was at this po
in my journey that the modern road finally petered out. From being
series of bone-shattering ruts it became a morass which we cou
avoid only by driving over the desert and on the mountain-side. Final
a few miles further on at Shiraz, I learnt that the road to Abadan h
been washed away by a winter storm, and might re-open in March
eventually got there by 'plane, but the break in the journey emphasis
the extent to which Abadan is isolated from the rest of Persia. F
most of us the Abadan refinery and the oil fields are what we think
as Persia, yet really they are cut off from the heart of Persia, both
geography and in spirit. In spirit because Abadan, unlike the rest
Persia, is *not* between two worlds; it is firmly part of the twentiet
century western world; the question is whether it can also remain pa
of Persia. For half a century the oil company developed that ar
giving it modern communications, good housing, a clean water supp
as well as a vast industrial plant. Yet there were reminders of ancie
Persia. As I looked over Abadan, the chimneys of the refinery remind
me of the pillars of Persepolis, and gazing at the towering bulk
what was described as the world's largest catalytic cracker (whatev
that may be) completed at the cost of £10,000,000 in 1951 a
immediately closed by Dr. Moussadeq, gazing at that I felt th
Abadan, too, had fallen under the curse of Ozymandias and of Bab
the curse on arrogance and grandeur. For what went wrong at Abad
in recent times past was that though we remembered the pockets of t
Persians we forgot their pride. Here we are faced with the very hub
this problem of helping under-developed countries. Persia is poor; t
oil industry is rich. But Persians would forgo all the wealth that
revenues can bring them rather than feel that they were not masters
their own house.

Desire to 'Catch Up'

Today, in Persia and elsewhere, the need for development is as gre
as ever, but the heirs of Shah Abbas and Darius and Xerxes dema
that it shall be done in their name and under their control. That is wh
after two years of idleness Abadan is being slowly re-opened by a grou
of foreign experts acting on behalf of the Persian Government, and o
condition they train Persians to do the job very soon. That, too, is wh
the farmer from Utah and his colleagues regard themselves as on
temporary missionaries who will soon be replaced by Persians.

Now, snugly back home. I still feel the desperate urgency an
immense difficulties of the problems that face Persia. It is a count
standing in the front line of the cold war, which has fallen behind
the modern world. Its passionate desire is to catch up, and it will lo
eagerly to any offer of help in catching up—whatever its source. If w
in the industrial west wish to keep Persia on our side, on this side of th
Iron Curtain, we can help her, but we are having to devise a ne
system of help, a new imperialism if you like, in which we are colleagu
and temporary patrons, not masters. On our success in doing th
depends not only which world Persia belongs to, but the future of a
that area stretching from Cairo to Bangkok.—*Home Service*

Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisatio
has written a booklet on *NATO—The First Five Years, 1949-1954.*
may be obtained from the Stationery Office, price 9s. 6d. The bookl
contains a history of the Organisation and appendices of documen
including various declarations, *communiqués* and resolutions. Lord Isma
concludes by asking: 'Can Nato then continue to concentrate almo
exclusively on defence? Council *communiqués* and government stat
ments have stressed that Nato should be used increasingly as an instru
ment of co-operation outside the military sphere, and that the provisio
of the Treaty for "self-help and mutual aid" should be applied not on
to the military build-up but also to the peacetime problems of th
Atlantic Community'.

The Crisis over Formosa

By RICHARD SCOTT

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's statement to Congress last week about the Formosa situation seems to have proved one of the most controversial of his career, though, as a matter of fact, there has hardly been an official American statement on the ?ar East since the war that has not produced a good deal of controversy iere. Most Americans look at the international scene, as it were, eastvards. We in Britain tend to look out at the world across Europe and ur vision is dominated by the European scene. For example, the Americans would probably regard the loss of Formosa to the communists just as seriously as we would regard, say, the loss of Malta o the communists. And so it is not surprising that the two nations ften come to different conclusions about the handling of Far Eastern ffairs. However, only about a fortnight ago I was talking with n American expert on Far Eastern questions and we agreed that there eemed at that moment to be fewer differences between our two Governnents on Far Eastern policy than for a long time.

Anglo-American Misunderstanding

I suppose it was last spring that Anglo-American relations reached bout their lowest point. There was a serious misunderstanding about he timing and the method of organising collective defence in southast Asia. And some pretty sharp things were said on both sides of he Atlantic. Then came the Geneva conference on Indo-China and t was perfectly clear to everyone how differently Britain and the Jnited States approached the problem. And I must admit that when he Geneva conference was over I thought we were in for a period f growing difficulties between London and Washington about Far Eastern affairs. The difficulties which had arisen in the spring had eally only been papered over, and it seemed to me almost inevitable hat when we got down to practical discussion of the American plans or a south-east Asian treaty organisation, the paper would quickly fall part and the old, serious squabbles would begin again. I was wrong—his did not happen. And it did not happen largely, I believe, because he American Government had already begun to contemplate a Far Eastern *modus vivendi*—a policy of co-existence, if you like—with he communists. In other words, an important change had begun in American policy towards China—a change which has perhaps only eally become clear in the last few weeks.

And that brings me back to the Formosa situation; because this hange of policy has been most clearly revealed in recent American tatements about Formosa. One of the first concrete signs of this change vas the disclosure of an exchange of Notes between Chiang Kai-shek's Foreign Minister, Mr. George Yeh, and Mr. Dulles. The Notes conained an interpretation of the mutual security treaty which was signed between the two countries at the end of last year. This interpretation stablished that neither country would use its military forces in the rea except by mutual agreement. This meant that Chiang Kai-shek igreed not to attack the Chinese mainland except with American pernission. American policy had thus swung right back to what it had een under President Truman, nearly five years earlier.

'Immunising' Formosa

You remember how Mr. Truman, a few days after the opening of the Korean war in June 1950, had issued his famous order 'immunising' Formosa; how he had ordered the American Seventh Fleet both to lefend the island and to prevent the Nationalists on it from attacking he mainland. Three years later President Eisenhower said that the Seventh Fleet could no longer be employed to shield communist China. n other words, it left the Nationalists on Formosa free to attack the Communists wherever they could do so, while continuing themselves to njoy the protection of the Seventh Fleet. It seems to me that the recent xchange of Notes between Mr. Dulles and Mr. George Yeh virtually estores the situation we had in 1950—the immunisation of Formosa.

I have spent rather a long time on the background to the Formosa crisis because I wanted to emphasise that American policy has slowly been moving away from a negative, almost militantly hostile, attitude to the Chinese Communists, and towards some sort of frigid accommodation with them. And I am sure that the recent American moves which have precipitated the Formosa crisis were merely intended as a further step in the development of this new American policy—a policy aimed at reducing tension in the Far East. The trouble is that to many people it looks as though the new American moves will produce just the opposite of what was intended.

The situation seems to have been this: both sides seemed to be stepping up their attacks on each other. Chinese Communist attacks on the various small islands which the Nationalists still hold along the Chinese mainland had been increasing. So had the Nationalist air attacks on communist mainland ports. The danger of major fighting, in which America might easily be brought in, was growing. What could be done? As I have said, the first move was to persuade the Nationalists not to attack the mainland without American agreement. The next move was intended to warn the Communists that the United States would do everything to defend Formosa and the nearby Pescadores—including the use of American forces—but that America's defence obligations did not extend beyond these two islands. It was felt that such a warning and such a clarification of the United States position might prepare the way for a cease-fire. This was the purpose of President Eisenhower's recent message to Congress about which there has been so much trouble. But, in fact, the way the message was phrased made America's intentions more ambiguous rather than clearer. President Eisenhower appeared to be asking Congress for authority to use American forces not only for the defence of Formosa and the Pescadores but also of at least two small islands, which lie only a mile or two from the mainland opposite Formosa. And, what was worse, he wanted authority to bomb communist military concentrations on the mainland if these appeared to be going to invade Formosa. To many people, including many who understood and accepted the good intentions of the President, this message seemed likely to increase rather than to diminish the risk of America becoming involved in war with China. To these people —and I am one of them—it seemed perfectly obvious, for strategic, political, and moral reasons, that the only possible basis of a cease-fire in this area was for the Nationalists to withdraw to Formosa and the Pescadores and for the Americans to limit themselves specifically and clearly to the defence of these islands. In other words, to separate the two Chinas by eighty or ninety miles of deep, salt water.

Legal Questions

It was morally and politically important for the Americans to set this limit on their military intervention because there is not the slightest question that the small offshore islands are legally part of China, while the legal position about the sovereignty of Formosa and the Pescadores is not yet settled. These two islands, which were Japanese for half a century until they were occupied by the Americans in 1945, were removed from Japan under the Japanese peace treaty; but they were not given to any other country. Their final disposal awaits an international decision. And the war-time agreement that these islands should be restored to China does not particularly embarrass the Americans, because it is Chiang Kai-shek's government which the Americans recognise as the legal Government of China.

The Formosa situation seems certain to dominate the opening meetings of the Commonwealth conference which began here today.* And in New York today the Security Council also began its discussion of this question. I wonder if we have all grown too cynical to stop and ask what the inhabitants of Formosa themselves think should eventually be done with their island? I believe that possibly their views might in the end provide us with the solution. Because the last information I had was that the native population of Formosa wanted neither Chiang nor Chou. They wanted independence.—*Home Service*

* Broadcast on January 31

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: $5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: $8.50; for three years: $11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Up Guards and At 'Em!

FOR those of a nostalgic disposition it is gratifying to think that our great institutions change slowly and little by little. Even in the past forty years which have seen the tank, the rocket artillery, and atomic weapons (not to mention the hydrogen bomb) the British Army maintains many of its old standards and traditions. It is true that a tie may now be worn with service dress and that pack drill has been abolished, but on the parade ground the new recruits may still be asked by the corporal in charge if they can drive a motor car and those who say 'yes' may be assigned to emptying dustbins. But now we are informed in a broadcast talk by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Cole (an extract from which is printed on the opposite page) that the use of khaki 'blanco' is coming to an end; the last blocks are being used up; and soon this famous adjunct of military equipment will be replaced by a paste manufactured by the same firm. 'Blanco' has been with us now for eighty years and khaki blanco acquired popularity (if that is not too strong a word) when webbing equipment was introduced in 1908. Thus it helped to win two world wars, and in O.T.C.s and elsewhere has aroused the ardours and dirtied the hands of many a fledgling soldier. Happy days—in retrospect—for some at least were those that were first spent in the barracks. True, one might have expected at once to be armed with a rifle and bayonet, especially if the enemy happened to be threatening the Channel ports at the time; but as a rule what impinged upon the consciousness was a tin of 'blanco' and a tin of boot polish.

Boots came first. Few of us are accustomed habitually to spit upon our boots at home; this not terribly hygienic habit has been one of the first lessons to be learned in the Forces. And then in some regiments would follow the ceremony known as the burning of the boots. A candle would be acquired and the toe caps of the boots burned so as to acquire that impressive gloss that distinguished a soldier from a civilian. The trained soldier of course knows quicker ways of polishing boots that does the new recruit; he has these matters at his finger tips; he knows also, for example, that when reporting to duty in a new unit the first thing to do is to obtain a piece of board to sleep on, for what other way is there of keeping one's trousers pressed? Then when it came to equipment it was necessary to be sure that one's 'blanco' was the right shade. But full-dress parade—that was the occasion when one worried more about paste and polish than the drill book. And in the barrack room itself that happy-family game known as kit inspection has seldom been free from its worries. Though in peace time leave and love may loom large in the soldier's life, it is indeed astonishing how many anxieties are caused by a missing hairbrush or the niceties of cleaning equipment.

Is all this nonsense? The citizen who has never served his time in the army naturally thinks that it is. But cleanliness comes next to godliness, discipline is good for the soul, and a dirty army is rarely victorious. The unkempt soldier, with hands in his pockets, lounging on the street corner, cannot inspire confidence; and national pride glows at such fine moments as the Changing of the Guard and Trooping the Colour. When processions occur on state occasions, which regiments stand out from the ruck—those that laugh at polishing the boots or blanco-ing their equipment or those where such standards prevail? What man who knows the call of the bugle would not rather march with the Guards or the Royal Marines? The spirit of 'Up Guards and at 'em!' or 'dying with their boots on' frequently derives—strange as it may seem—from the frightening *mystique* of spit and polish.

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on Formosa

A FEW HOURS BEFORE President Eisenhower's message to Congress on January 24 about Formosa, Peking radio broadcast a statement by the Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, emphatically rejecting any suggestion of a cease-fire. The Chinese people, he said, must 'liberate' Formosa and the United States must stop intervening in Chinese affairs and withdraw all armed forces from Formosa and the Straits. Five days later, Peking radio quoted *The People's Daily* which, after reiterating that a cease-fire was unacceptable, reaffirmed China's determination to 'liberate' Formosa and to strike back with heavy blows if the American armed forces dared to attack them in so doing. Without making any mention of the Security Council meeting, called for January 31, the broadcast article accused the United States of engineering a plot for a cease-fire through the United Nations, as well as of war provocation and the threat to use atomic weapons.

On the same day Moscow radio quoted *Pravda* as describing the idea of a cease-fire as 'a piece of political demagogy which has nothing to do with the restoration of peace in the Far East'. It added: 'It means nothing but blackmail against the Chinese People's Republic'. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Izvestia* claimed that 'Eisenhower envisages action against the mainland of China' if he deemed it necessary and that, should a war break out in the Formosa area, 'the planned steps would in no way limit the use of hydrogen or atomic weapons'. Both Moscow and Peking broadcasts stressed that Formosa was 'an inalienable part of China'.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as describing the President's message as 'a dramatic move to avert a new crisis in the far east which could endanger world peace'. It went on:

> It is important to note that all these military precautions are designed not as steps towards war but as steps away from it.

The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as commenting:

> Though asking for authority for military action of the most far reaching implication, President Eisenhower does not lose sight of the fact that an end to violence is the aim. . . . By its boldness and simplicity, by its restraint as to objectives and its firmness as to means, United States policy paves the way for a peaceful settlement in this area.

From India, the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as saying:

> China, no more than the United States, can want to be embroiled in a mutual war, even if Chinese policy lately has openly declared the need for the liberation of Formosa. Time, as well as the merits of the case, are with China, and it would be folly on her part to alienate the support of nations for her claims, or risk an all-out war for Formosa at present.

From France, several newspapers were quoted for the view that it was difficult to see how a conflict can be avoided if Peking pursues its designs on Formosa. *Le Populaire* observed that if Peking turned down President Eisenhower's policy, as outlined in his message, it could lead to war. From Italy *La Stampa* was quoted for the view that after the clarification given by the President, the risk of conflict through misunderstanding should have been eliminated. *Corriere Della Sera*, on the other hand, noted that the message, though clear on the American intention to defend Formosa and the Pescadores, was ambiguous as to what would happen if the Chinese Communists attack Matsu or Quemoy. A number of western commentators regretted this ambiguity while others considered that the President's reticence in regard to the defence of the off-shore islands was a military necessity.

The battle for and against ratification of the Paris agreements reached new intensity in Germany last week. On January 29 the first of a series of broadcasts designed to enlist popular support for the Paris agreements was given by a Federal German Minister, Herr Tillmans. On the same day, a mass meeting was convened in Frankfurt by the Social Democrat Party and the west German Trade Union Federation, at which a manifesto was issued calling for efforts to reach four-power agreement on Germany before ratification, which would, it said, prevent German unity for a long time to come. Four days earlier the Social Democrat leader, Herr Ollenhauer, broadcast a statement making the same demand, adding that the recent Soviet statement on all-German elections contained concessions deserving close examination. On January 29 the east German radio broadcast a Cabinet statement saying that if the Paris agreements were rejected, there could be free elections this year.

Did You Hear That?

GERMAN ART SCANDAL

HE BIGGEST ART SCANDAL in Germany's post-war history', related UGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Bonn correspondent, in 'Radio Newsreel', egan in a Lubeck police station. One day in October 1952, a painter ned Lothar Malskat asked to see the Chief Inspector. He said: "I an artist and I'm sick and tired of not getting any credit for my rk". He asked to be arrested, and added that the police at the same ne should also arrest an art dealer named Dietrich Fey. Not unnatur-y, the Chief Inspector asked for additional reasons for making these ests. Malskat then told his story which he has been elaborating ever ce.

For many years, he said, Dietrich Fey paid him a wage of some 3 a week to forge pictures by world-famous Old Masters. He nted numbers of so-called Rembrandts, Renoirs, Watteaus, and rots. Fey, he went on, then manufactured documents testifying to the henticity of these fakes and later sold them as genuine masterpieces art dealers and con-isseurs in Britain, ance, and the United ates. Malskat claims it Fey made himself huge fortune in this y.

'One day the citizens Lubeck decided to tore the gothic paint-s on the walls of St. ary's, one of the city's est medieval churches. etrich Fey was com-ssioned to supervise the rk of restoration. He ickly saw, however, it that was impossible. therefore asked Mal-t to paint a completely w set of murals and, help him fulfil this k, gave him a book gothic pictures to py. Malskat did what was told, but with a ference: he used the es of film stars as dels for saints and in e case gave a saint the face of Genghis Khan, the great Mongol peror.

'Fey also instructed Malskat to forge a frieze in the medieval hedral of Schleswig. But here Malskat made a big mistake. The frieze ntained representations of animals and birds; before the war, art perts dated it as fourteenth century. Malskat popped in a turkey when restored the frieze, forgetting that the turkey was introduced into rope by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century. German ornith-gists quickly spotted the error, but the art experts continued to say it the frieze was genuine, so the bird specialists held their peace.

'Now, the art critics of western Germany must bow their heads in ame. A special commission has investigated the murals in St. Mary's, beck, and the frieze in Schleswig Cathedral. They have pro-unced the paintings to be fakes, and the court in Lubeck, after ty-six sessions held over a period of six months, has upheld their rdict. Malskat is to go to prison for eighteen months and Fey for enty months'.

FINE STRETCH OF MIDLAND SCENERY

'o my mind', said MICHAEL RIX in 'Prospects' in the Midland me Service, 'the Ironbridge Gorge is one of the finest stretches of nery to be found along the whole course of the Severn. It is tucked ay in the eastern confines of Shropshire, threading for three miles the broken country between the Wrekin and Wenlock Edge. It looks rather like the Rhine valley in places. Steep, tree-clad slopes come right down to the river's edge, row upon row of lavender-coloured brick houses climb on each other's shoulders from river bank to 400-foot summit, and the water between flows swift and turgid, with a coracle bobbing on its surface like a black autumn leaf. In the very heart of the gorge the eighteenth-century, cast-iron bridge, the first of its kind, still spans the river like a black rainbow.

'This bridge still stands as a reminder that this area is the cradle of the Industrial Revolution that has transformed the world, for here, in Queen Anne's reign, iron was first successfully smelted with mineral fuel—in the form of coke. To look at the gorge now you would never suspect that it was once the focus of the heaviest concentration of blast furnaces in the world: in fact, unless you make a special expedition you are not likely to find it at all for it is not on any main transport route. The reason for this isolation became obvious to me a week or two ago when I visited the gorge during the snowy weather and found it impossible to get away again up the steep roads with their treacherous covering of snow.

The bridge, built in 1779 by Abraham Darby, which spans the gorge of the Severn at Ironbridge, in Shropshire

'In some parts the valley is so narrow that there is no room for a road and the best way to see the whole length of the gorge is from the train on the single-track Shrewsbury - Worcester line. As the diesel car hums quietly through the lush fields of the Shropshire plain men-aced, to the north, by the 1,300-feet Wrekin, you become conscious that the hills are clos-ing in. The river ceases to meander lazily in great loops; it straight-ens, the current quickens, the valley narrows and you stop at Buildwas station, in the throat of the gorge. The village with its half-timbered church tower is on the far bank, the ruins of a Cistercian abbey stand on this right bank, and, dominating the whole scene, a great electricity generating station (built between the wars) stains the sky with a per-manent plume from its six tall chimneys'.

GOODBYE TO KHAKI 'BLANCO'

'The last blocks of khaki blanco are now being used up', said Lieu-tenant-Colonel HOWARD N. COLE in 'Radio Newsreel', 'for the Army has decided to replace it with what is called a "web equipment renovator". It looks like coloured boot polish, and it is applied direct to the equipment without having to make up a paste.

'The Royal Tank Regiment is credited with the inspiration which led to this change. Oil and grease stains on web belts were difficult to cover with blanco, and the Royal Tanks and other regiments of the Royal Armoured Corps started cleaning their equipment and gaiters with blacking. The upshot of this was that the War Office asked the Ministry of Supply to find a satisfactory solution for the problem. This led to research, experiments, and tests which resulted in the introduc-tion of the new renovator. It is made in three shades of khaki and green, it is water repellant, and it gives a shiny finish. The new cleaner, being manufactured by the same family business which introduced blanco, is not so effective in white; and so, although it is now goodbye

to blanco for most of the Army, it will still whiten the belts and gaiters of the Royal Military Police, the cross belts and sword slings of the Household Cavalry, and the belts and rifle slings of Her Majesty's five regiments of foot guards'.

THE FAITHFUL PENGUIN

DR. WILLIAM SLADEN, who spent several years in the Antarctic as Medical Officer to the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, spoke about antarctic penguins in the Home Service. 'My particular interest', he said, 'was in the small Adelie penguin. In stature the Adelie penguin reaches just over half-way up to a man's knee, in contrast to the Emperor penguin, the largest of all the penguins which is as high as an average man's hips. At Hope Bay, Graham Land, where I spent my first year, a rookery of over 100,000 Adelies stretched to within half a mile of the base huts. My second year's study was spent at another windy place on Signy Island, in the South Orkneys, and here the Adelies bred side by side in vast numbers with another common antarctic penguin, the Chinstrap penguin.

'Adelies have their own characteristic way of walking, which is more like the human gait than any other species. When tired of walking they flop down on to their bellies, and, propelling themselves with their feet from behind, glide along the snow surface in a most enchanting manner. This tobogganing seems to be the most economical method of moving over a smooth, soft snow surface, or down a slope.

Adelie penguins inspect some husky dogs belonging to the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey. (Below) A pair of Adelie penguins at their nest

'It is interesting, and I think important, that most birds look as though they are intent on reaching some goal. They pause frequently, sometimes from vantage points on top of boulders, and can be seen moving their heads in all directions—just as though searching for familiar landmarks. Some even accelerate on approaching a particular colony, and maybe go straight for a particular spot. Thus, in the first few days of occupation, birds can be seen scattered irregularly over a vast area. This puzzled some of the earlier observers who thought that the early arrivals would naturally have the choice of the best nesting sites and would not keep to the same ones during successive years. But this was difficult to prove one way or the other, because the expeditions were never in one place for long enough to maintain a continuity in observations. In this respect the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey has, during the past few years, been able to give the answer. In 1946, at Hope Bay, one of the medical officers to the expedition, Dr. Andrew, marked ten pairs (that is a total of twenty birds) at their nests. This he did by attaching numbered aluminium rings around their legs. He made sure that they were properly mated by observing that the same birds were still at their nests when the eggs were laid. Large arrows were painted on the rocks by the nests, compass bearings taken to fix their position, and even photographs taken of the nest-sites and surroundings.

'He took all this trouble in marking the nests so that someone else would be able to find them again in the following seasons and re-catch the birds to discover, first of all, if they returned to the same nest-sites, and secondly, if they kept the same mates from year to year. Next year seventeen of the total of twenty were recovered, and all but two were at their original nest-sites. I arrived at Hope Bay for their third year as marked birds and found fourteen of them out of which twelve were still at their original sites. Five of the original pairs were intact, and the other two birds in adjacent ne[sts]. So by watching marked birds in successive years we have been able [to] show that these Adelie penguins, like a number of other birds, o[nce] established, are very faithful to their old territory and to their form[er] mates. The continuity that the Falkland Islands Dependencies Surv[ey] offers has so far provided evidence that the Adelie penguin lives at le[ast] eight years, and almost certainly more'.

YORK MINSTER'S 'NEW' WINDOW

'When the present Dean came to York in 1941, the windows of [the] Minster were in a terrible state', said A. L. LAISHLEY, in a talk [in] 'The Northcountryman'. 'Down the years they had managed to s[ur]vive such dangers as Cromwell's cannon balls, Jonathan Martin's fi[re] and the bombs of the first world war, but the menace that had nea[rly] destroyed them altogether was the amateur glazier. Lead lasts ab[out] 150 years—not that, if it is exposed to fire—and so, down the centuri[es] the windows have been re-leaded several times, and each time quantit[ies] of glass have been [put] back in the wrong pla[ce] by glaziers who did [not] understand their job, a[nd] bits of glass have be[en] broken and chunks fr[om] other windows put in [to] fill up. By 1941 the w[in]dows were not pictu[res] any more, just j[ust] coloured jumbles.

'And it was then t[hat] the present Dean beg[an] the colossal task of setti[ng] the windows to rig[hts] again, a task which [it was] estimated would ta[ke] about twenty-five yea[rs]. Fortunately his glazi[ers] are all craftsmen. Th[ey] know their job inside o[ut] and they do their work [for] love of it. In recent ye[ars] they have been helped by a new inventi[on] which the Minster's Clerk of Works and [the] foreman glazier thought out between them. [At] one time, when they were working on a pa[nel] from a window, they had to juggle the pieces [of] glass about in a frame on an ordinary bench, [and] every time they wanted to see an effect they h[ad] to lift the frame up so that the light show[ed] through it. But now they work on benches ma[de] of perspex glass which are lit from below, and they can see what they are doing all the tim[e].

'Their first job is to sort out glass that d[oes] not belong to the particular panel they [are] working on, and not so long ago this procedu[re] led to the discovery of a whole window. It [was] a fourteenth-century window which had 'di[s]appeared when Cromwell and his soldiers h[ad] torn it out and later glaziers used the glass [for] patching. You can see that window now in [all] its former glory—it is the last to the west, [on] the south-side of the nave—a lovely wind[ow] that nobody living today had ever seen befo[re].

'Even if whole windows do not keep on emerging from alien gla[ss] smaller finds are constantly popping up which are just as exciting [in] their way, and sometimes rather funny. In the great east window, f[or] instance, which was recently finished after eleven years' work on [it] Noah was found to be wearing for his hat the head of a little red c[ow] which had apparently escaped from the ark; and a princess who h[ad] lost her dress got it back when it was discovered masquerading as [the] foliage of a tree behind David and Goliath. In a fourteenth-centu[ry] heraldic window, an old man's head found perched on St. Catherin[e's] body has been returned to its rightful owner, in quite a different windo[w] and the saint equipped with a woman's head. And noble armies [of] martyrs who seem to have whiled away the centuries swopping ha[ts] for crowns have had their headgear straightened out again'.

Lawrence of Arabia

A review of Richard Aldington's book* by SIR RONALD STORRS

WHEN Mr. Aldington began work on this book he did so (he says) with doubts of his ability to perform it worthily but 'certainly with the hope of investigating a hero and his deeds'. But, coming to 'Lawrence's assertion that in 1922 d again in 1925 he had been offered by the Colonial Office the post High Commissioner for Egypt', he came to the conclusion that this im was unfounded. He applied to Mr. Amery, the present Lord Lloyd hose father had succeeded Lord Allenby), and to myself. All three of dismissed the claim as highly improbable and this disavowal was lirectly confirmed from 'still higher arters'. Egypt never was in the gift of the lonial Secretary, then Mr. Churchill, but of Foreign Secretary. Such was the confi- nce, however, that Lawrence inspired in the eat men with whom he was then associated at any of them might well have said—'We'll ve to send you there'—which his imaginative d exaggerating memory would easily elevate o a positive offer. And I believe that, if wrence had lived, Sir Winston might well ve considered him for something important Middle Eastern defence.

As Mr. Aldington went more closely into his aterial he came to the conclusion that this s but 'one more example of a systematic sification and over-valuing of himself and achievements which Lawrence practised m a very early date'—that, in a word, the uld-be hero's life had been one long attempt obtain credit under false pretences—so that, says, the plan was 'insensibly changed from biography into a biographical enquiry, the cts for which had to be tracked down with minute care of a literary detective'.

With the aid of five competent fellow sleuths addressed himself manfully to what he calls most invidious and disagreeable task'. The sult is this book. A French translation, *wrence, L'Imposteur*, which appeared some eeks before its original, enjoyed a cool recep- n from the leading French critics. While stly resentful of Lawrence's anti-French as, they remembered, with admirable detachment, their respect for m as a man and as an inspiration for the gallant youth of France.

Mr. Aldington has embarrassed me by praising my own book *rientations*, and by casting me for the highly uncongenial role of dustrious Apprentice, with a relatively right judgement in all things. must thank him for these obliging references, but I can only repay em by stating at once that his book has much to commend it. It is a ious book, annotated with references to the sources of his information d provided with a comprehensive bibliography and a good index ich would have been excellent had it included subjects as well as mes. The print and the paper would do credit to any publisher. mense pains and, I gather, at least four years of work have been voted to this elaborate compilation.

Lawrence was illegitimate. The fact was not known by the general blic, though it had been briefly stated in print. Mr. Aldington develops complete with Lawrence's paternal pedigree from the times of Sir alter Raleigh, and in profuse detail records, without regard for the elings of his nearest and dearest, the circumstances of his birth. These, says, are 'obviously the clue to Lawrence's abortive career and rtuous character though they must not be abused and dragged in to plain everything'. They account for the first of the two main charges nning through the book, which are with characteristic ingenuity fore- adowed by a quotation on the title page. This runs:

> Untruthful! My nephew Algernon?
> Impossible! He is an Oxonian. (*Oscar Wilde*)

With this master key Mr. Aldington claims to have unlocked Lawrence's heart, by methodically questioning and minutely analysing every statement or action recorded by or of him to which any personal motive could possibly be imputed; seasoned by anecdotes of unworthy behaviour. Taking his hero almost from the month he proceeds to query more than one of Lawrence's childhood precocities from his mother's reminiscences, discounting some, before quotation, as either ludicrous or improbable. Here are some specimens, chosen progressively from various periods. 'He climbed a steep ladder into a loft when he was two', and 'before he was six he had picked up a child's fluency in French at Dinard'. Why not? And who does not sometimes exaggerate such stories? Continuing, he relates 'The four boys rode to and from school on bicycles always in line and in order of seniority', and comments 'Possibly this shows that posing and publicity began early'. Who else would have thought of that? And, anyhow, T.E. can only have been second in the line.

T. E. Lawrence
From 'Lawrence of Arabia', by Richard Aldington

Henceforward until Lawrence's last sentient moment every conceivable doubt, unlikelihood or disparagement is studiously worked up. The climax of the youth series records that 'in six years he had read every book in the Library of the Oxford Union—the best part of 50,000 volumes probably—at the rate of six vo'umes a day'. The detective squad is on to this in a flash: 'This doesn't make much more than 13,000' whereas 'twenty-f[illegible] day for 2,000 days' would have been the necessary quota. We must admit that even allowing for some thousands of books of reference, theological works, and bound volumes of magazines, this would indeed have been a tall order; though Lawrence was the quickest reader I ever knew, and borrowed my books in Cairo by the dozen (and *always* returned them). But Captain Liddell Hart's official biography merely states that 'he used to borrow six volumes at a time from the Oxford Union Library in his father's name and his own, and often changed them daily'—a very different thing; and makes no mention whatever of 50,000 volumes.

Readers of the delightful *Home Letters*, published last spring, probably followed Lawrence's French bicycle tours for the beauty and interest of the cathedrals and fortress castles he described; but the Squad is concerned mainly with distances ridden, during which kilometres are apt to become miles, and warn the world that 'stories of energy and plain fare of Lawrence's French tours have been overplayed'.

The valuable (and happy) years of his early twenties spent under Sir Leonard Woolley, excavating the ancient Hittite city of Carchemish, sometimes in sole charge, are consistently derided—the work minimised, the cost even of his daily picnic and his more solid evening meal analysed and disparaged; his local holiday journeys with Shaikh Dahum subjected to unsavoury interpretation; his practical jokes—admittedly a deplorable form of humour—and his high-spirited rows with the sometimes difficult Turkish authorities heavily denounced as unworthy of a representative of the British Museum.

Throughout the Arab Campaign careful checkings of English, Arab, and Turkish effectives and supplies, of mileages, of relative responsibilities for direction and credit for results, are made with the object, of course, of establishing a far smaller share for Lawrence than that which the world has agreed to accord him. Accounts of apparently excessive distances ridden on camel-back in three days have been confirmed by the independent witness of Major Sterling who served at the time in Arabia. He writes in his memoirs that Lawrence, once at least, 'averaged 100 miles a day for three consecutive days'. We are told that Lawrence was

* *Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry*. By Richard Aldington. Collins. 25s.

only one of several, never in command, and achieved his very minor successes mainly by prodigal distribution of golden British sovereigns, of which he foolishly lost several score thousand. This last is true: a folly which he had hastened to report with shame. He was nevertheless retained, trusted, promoted, and highly decorated—though his treatment of his C.B., as indeed of his French decorations, makes disagreeable reading.

Inspirer of Men

I lack the military knowledge to pronounce what proportion of individual victories of Akabas, Tafilehs or other engagements should be credited to Lawrence. Sir Hubert Young, a critical witness, wrote of the raids that 'Most were suggested or inspired by Lawrence'; and Field-Marshal Wavell pronounced that some of his engagements and his one battle, Tafileh, were 'brilliancies of which anybody might have been proud'. I do know that his strong will, versatile resource, and strangely impressive personality stimulated the Arab chieftains and helped to control their unruly tribesmen and to turn them from a potential menace into a positive safeguard on Allenby's desert flank. Politically he drew the Arabs united into Damascus. Lawrence could not have achieved all this without British gold, nor, with twice the gold, could anybody have achieved it but Lawrence. And it is curious that once more, his critics seem to cancel their own criticisms. Dowson, Director-General of Egyptian Survey, where Lawrence was sent for mapwork and philatelic reproduction, had little use for his appearance or manners, yet left on record that 'no one ever complained about Lawrence', and praises his 'resourcefulness and his ability to turn his mind to any work and his capacity to get his own way when his own way seemed vital to him. . . . His presence had a stimulating effect on the men, so that when they were working very long hours there was a noticeable heightening of morale after his visits'.

Some of Mr. Aldington's criticisms of *Seven Pillars* as being 'vague about dates, facts, effectives' are answered by a 1928 letter of Lawrence's about the Cranwell portion of *The Mint*: 'They are reproduction of scenes which I saw or things which I felt and did, but two years old, all of them. In other words they are technically on a par with the manner of *Seven Pillars*'. A psychiatrist once submitted to me an analysis based purely on the internal evidence of the text. He wrote:

> Though Lawrence states that the book was written from memory, it is highly improbable that any human being would remember all the details given of terrain covered, words spoken by innumerable characters, and so on. Indeed, Lawrence admits (on page 664) that 'Memory sometimes assists me with moonlight on a moonlight night, and I have preferred memory to the calendar'. On the other hand, every description has verisimilitude, so that one may be justified in assuming that Lawrence was not consciously inventing. The story of principal events is probably in the main accurate and the descriptions he gives are of real people and of real events and not merely written to support his views.

These deductions are confirmed by my friend Colonel Newcombe, Lawrence's comrade in arms, who wrote to me the other day: 'I am almost surprised on re-reading *Seven Pillars* after twenty-seven years how it refreshed my memory of various incidents which I knew personally. . . . In his preface he lays down that his account is only *his* own part of the business, and that "others could each tell a like tale". *That* is the only lie I could detect'. On this I myself turned to Chapter VIII and found the description of Lawrence's journey with me down the Red Sea startlingly exact, except that Storrs' share of the conversation on deck is rather puckishly tuned up.

As for style, *Seven Pillars* is dismissed by the Investigators as 'a propaganda book, full of rhetorical writing and fine sentiments . . .'. We may with more decency agree that Lawrence died before he had achieved his true style—'that invisible garment for his thought' with which he credited David Hogarth, the real Mentor of his life; and that 'the conscious effort to improve' which he liked to observe in others may have made him self-conscious, evolving a style of emergency, a chariot of fire rather than a normal and more controllable vehicle.

As for the second main charge, hinted on the title page, of abnormal tendencies, I never had from first to last the faintest breath of suspicion myself nor heard of any such until this book cast its dark shadow before it. I will add that when in the Near East last May I spent two days in Aleppo with Ernest Altunyan, the English-Armenian doctor and poet who had sometimes treated Lawrence, had known him intimately for years, and who laughed at these suggestions, pronouncing him perfectly normal, though shy and intellectually hard to please. Further, that my last half-hour in Beirut before sailing for Europe, was passed with Miss Farida Aql, an old Arab lady with whom Lawrence had studied Ar when on holiday from Carchemish, and with whom he had then b on terms of affectionate friendship. She had hurried down from mountain, heartbroken by the vile rumours that had reached her protest, her eyes streaming with tears, that she and her Arab frie had always found in him a spotless and shrinking purity of body, m and soul: 'The best man we ever knew'.

Tendentious and unwarrantable use is repeatedly made of the w 'intrigue': 'The complicated intrigue between Sharif Husain and British' . . . 'Clayton and Storrs the real brains of all this complica intrigue'. This wilfully misrepresents negotiations entirely legitin and universal in war time. Again, Mr. Aldington writes: 'This probably Lawrence's most difficult intrigue'—What for, you may a —'to restore him to the R.A.F. from which he had been most unju expelled'. But when Mr. Aldington exclaims 'by sheer will power, at intrigue . . . he imposed himself as a literary genius . . . What is value of . . . *un succès de snobisme*?' we are surely entitled to re 'Not less though less unsavoury than a *succès de scandale*'.

You may well wonder how it is this 'inverted pyramid' of intrig and generally incompetent imposture should have duped a Churc an Allenby, a Wavell—to say nothing of the rest of us, men with pretensions to genius but anyhow with first-hand contemporary kn ledge of the countries, peoples, languages, personalities, and circu stances involved, and of the living Lawrence himself; and that it sho have been reserved for someone writing a generation later, without of these advantages, to show us, and the public, what we ought to h known from the very first—and must henceforward accept.

Lawrence himself wrote in *Seven Pillars* that 'Allenby could decide how much of Lawrence was genuine performer and how m charlatan'; and Lord Wavell informs us that Allenby never solved problem. Yet Allenby, in Lawrence's lifetime, himself had publ stated: 'On no occasion did I find he arrogated to himself pov which did not belong to him. It is perfectly true to say that he acted his own initiative far more than any other officer, but that I delibera allowed and encouraged him to do'. And he broadcast after Lawren death: 'I never had anything but praise for his work, which was in culable throughout the campaign. He had a genius for leadership . . . example of a life well spent in service. Such men find critics and detr tors'. This does not suit Mr. Aldington at all: he finds it 'unfortur that Allenby's public commendations of Lawrence should be so muc variance with his public judgement'. Yet surely we can all think of gr men, such as Disraeli—even Gladstone—strongly suspected of cha tanism. Sir Winston Churchill anyhow had no doubts about Lawre when he wrote the other day: 'It is the measure of his greatness his multiple achievement has passed beyond opinion into history. T opinion will stand'.

The author has proved in detail much of his thesis and is entit to whatever credit may be allowed for this sort of work. Many, tho by no means all, of his accusations and insinuations can no longer proved or disproved, but contemporaries will find small difficulty pricking such bubbles as the following: When Lawrence quotes Fa as saying: 'The telegram has saved all our honour', Mr. Alding asks: 'Did soldiers ever talk like that?' He will permit me to re that Arabs did—and do. Again, he impugns Lawrence's judgement backing Husain against Ibn Sa'ud—so soon to dominate Arabia. were all of us, west of the Red Sea, including His Majesty's Gove ment, making that self-same mistake. Lawrence's defects were rec nised by most of us and discounted as not ultimately significant. knew that he could be reckless in speech, irresponsible, misleadi tiresome, exasperating—maddening: stating as facts things which knew nobody could or would accept—a street Arab as well as an A of Arabia. But a mere mass of faults—however competently expose adds up not to a portrait but to a *post mortem*: portrait of a hero o dissecting table, after the Chinese 'Death by a Thousand Cuts'.

Pain Needlessly Inflicted

Is this a 'shocking' book? No—save in the pain needlessly inflict 'Has any book ever shocked you?' wrote Lawrence to Mrs. Bern Shaw, 'or am I a monster for not caring? Often I *hate* books, usually because they are mean'. Perhaps that is why the thing lea me wearied; by all the calculations of books read, kilometres bicycl camel miles ridden, absences unexplained, motives imputed, intrigue lies; and depressed by the mounting and cumulative hatred which d him to the sneer at his last incompetence. 'Coming back from the P Office on 13 May 1935, Lawrence ignored the salutary rule that

est of even a shallow hill is a blind corner and came full speed upon vo errand boys—swerved to avoid them . . . was hurled to the ground . . and died on the 19th . . .'. So, the careless fellow had only himself thank for his violent death—whereas, in point of fact, he had lost s own life to spare the two boys sprawling across the road. He had ice written: 'All accidents depend fifty-fifty on the other party'.

From childhood revelations of pose and publicity to the hour of death, tred has pursued Mr. Aldington's 'hero'; and what was to have begun a Song of Praise has ended as a Hymn of Hate: '*Gott strafe Lawnz!*' Extreme hate is deadly: it is also deadly dull.

To what purpose has this been done? To right a cruel wrong—to ndicate some long-defrauded unknown hero? Then who is he? What in be the gratification in attempting to destroy a famous name—an spiration to youth all over the free world? To resurrect Lawrence's fortunate anti-French attitude—political only, for he adored French ilture—and with it the old ghost of *perfide Albion*? Mr. Aldington's *Death of a Hero* was, I am told, his most successful production hitherto. More recently that fine writer and witty scholar, Norman Douglas, has been savaged, and now comes the turn of the third heroic figure. Would this indicate a literary progress?

As Lawrence is no longer here to defend himself, it is perhaps well that this 'Investigation' should have appeared now, whilst there are still a few of his old comrades left to say a word for him. In it we are pilloried, with a gibe (repeated sixteen times), as 'The Lawrence Bureau'. But we find that somehow preferable to The Aldington Demolition Squad, even when captained by so practised an *Architecte Démolisseur*.

My chief remembrance of Lawrence is that, despite the unhappiness in his eyes, he knew the best in life, and knew it for the best. I found him a touchstone and a standard of reality. I never left his company without feeling the better for it, and I shall always hold his memory in affection and in honour.—*Third Programme*

The Iron Law of Oligarchy

By K. C. WHEARE

WHEN Lawrence Lowell completed his study of the organisation of British political parties fifty years ago, he made this judgement: 'Both are shams, but with this difference, that the Conservative organisation is a transparent, and the iberal an opaque, sham'. Mr. R. T. McKenzie quotes this in the oncluding chapter of his weighty, and at times somewhat heavy, book* nd he goes on to say that if the word 'Labour' is substituted for Liberal', there is a sense in which Lowell's remark is equally approriate today. Feeling perhaps that the word 'sham' carries with it a ight suggestion of duplicity, Mr. McKenzie hastens to say that he ses the word in its complimentary sense. The two major parties in ritain today do not operate in an atmosphere of conscious duplicity and eceit, but 'party conflict, by its very nature, requires that the rival arty organisations should exaggerate their own virtues and misrepresent eir opponents. . . . There has been a persistent tendency for the two ajor parties to exaggerate the differences between their party organisaons with a view to proving that their own is democratic and that of eir opponent's is not'. But in Mr. McKenzie's opinion 'the Conservave view of the Labour Party and the Labour Party's own picture both f itself and of its opponents are highly misleading. If you go behind the içade things are not what they seem'.

To be called 'undemocratic' is something which, in these days, none ut the most serene souls can bear with equanimity. There is hardly a arty anywhere, certainly not the Communist Party, which is prepared let the charge go unchallenged. The Conservative Party in Britain as been caused some embarrassment on this score. A striking feature f its organisation is the enormous power which appears to be concenated in its leader. Once elected, he is not required to submit himself or periodic re-election. In opposition, he chooses the members of his adow cabinet, while in office, of course, he chooses the members of his abinet. The party secretariat at headquarters, the Central Office, is nder his personal control, for he appoints all its principal officers, and ius has effective control over the main instruments of propaganda, search, and finance. It is true that the Conservative Party has a mass rganisation in the country, with associations in the constituencies and a ederation of these associations, the National Union of Conservative and Inionist Associations. The National Union has an annual conference nd it passes many resolutions. But none of these is binding on the ader. They are conveyed to him for his information. His is the reonsibility for formulating policy, whether the party is in power or in pposition. It is interesting to note that the Conservative Leader does ot attend the actual meetings of the annual conference; he appears hen the business has been concluded and addresses a mass meeting held nmediately after the conference has adjourned.

The Labour Party, on its part, is obliged to admit that it has a leader, nd that that leader is elected by much the same sort of body as the onservative Party leader—namely the parliamentary party, the embers of the House of Commons and House of Lords who accept the arty Whip; with this difference, that the Conservative Party allows Conservative candidates also to vote in the election for a leader. But the Labour Party hastens to point out that its leader, once elected, must, except when he is Prime Minister, submit himself to annual re-election by the parliamentary party. Again, although when he is in office the Labour leader, like the Conservative leader, chooses the members of his Cabinet, in opposition he must work with a shadow cabinet chosen for him by the parliamentary party. The Labour leader has no control over the affairs of the central organisation of his party; he is no more than an *ex officio* member of the National Executive Committee of twenty-eight members, which manages the central organisation.

But the really important difference between the parties, in the Labour view, is that the mass organisation of the Labour Party, in the annual party conference has the final word on the determination of policy. Mr. Attlee himself expressed it in this way in his book *The Labour Party in Perspective*: The Labour Party conference 'lays down the policy of the party and issues instructions which must be carried out by the Executive, the affiliated organisations and its representatives in parliament and on local authorities. . . . The Labour Party conference is in fact a parliament of the movement'. The leader of the party usually attends the annual conference and presents the report on the work of the Parliamentary Labour Party for the previous year.

Here is the picture which the two parties paint of themselves, and, to a large extent, of each other. 'The formal description of the powers of the Conservative leader would suggest', says Mr. McKenzie, 'that, once elected, he can play the autocrat with impunity; in contrast, the Labour leader appears to be hemmed round with restrictions which ensure his subservience both to the party in parliament and to the mass party organisation outside'. Each can glory in its own virtue, and in the vice of its opponent. The Labour party can describe itself as democratic and declare that only the tories, among British political parties, prefer the personal infallibility of a leader to the collective wisdom of their members. The Conservatives claim credit for trusting their leader and they suggest that the Labour Party is controlled by an external, anonymous, irresponsible caucus. At the 1928 Conservative conference, when a delegate moved a resolution respectfully urging that the executives of all Conservative and Unionist associations might be allowed to discuss in confidence any proposed substantial departure from recognised party policy, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, then chairman of the party organisation, under Mr. Baldwin's leadership, made this answer: 'When you elect your leader, you must trust him. If the resolution was carried into effect we would have very much the same position as existed in Russia, where they governed by committees'. The invocation of the Russian bogy in this unusual form was effective; the resolution, according to the conference report, was 'overwhelmingly lost'.

Mr. McKenzie decided that he would look behind this formal façade which the parties present to each other and to the electorate, and see whether or not the internal structure of the buildings conformed closely with it. And his conclusion, put shortly, is that really there is not much difference between the internal organisation of the two buildings when

* *British Political Parties*. Heinemann. 30s.

you get inside them. Not only do both differ from their façades, but each resembles the other very closely.

The position of the Conservative leader, to begin with, is, Mr. McKenzie says, 'much more precarious and much less invulnerable than any formal reading of the party constitution would suggest . . . the leader holds his powers with the consent of his followers in parliament and, to a lesser extent, of the popular organisation of the party outside'. After a thorough historical investigation of the process by which leaders were made and unmade in the Conservative Party, Mr. McKenzie concludes:

> There is ample precedent in the modern history of the Conservative Party for the withdrawal of that consent. Of the seven leaders since Disraeli, no less than three—Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, and Neville Chamberlain—were, in effect, driven from the office of leader by their own followers. A fourth, Stanley Baldwin, had to fight a bitter battle to retain his leadership. . . . The vast powers of the leader of the Conservative Party are exercised only with the consent of his followers; when there is clear evidence that this consent is withdrawn, then the leader has no real alternative but to resign.

The Labour Party Conference

So much for the Conservative façade of the Leader. What of the Labour façade of the Party Conference issuing instructions to the the Parliamentary Party? Mr. McKenzie declares forthrightly:

> There can be little doubt that the annual conference plays a role in the affairs of the Labour Party which is very similar to that played by the conference of the National Union in the Conservative Party. Both conferences provide an opportunity for the ardent partisans who belong to the mass organisations to meet together to debate questions of national or party policy and to offer advice on these matters to the leaders of the party in parliament. The delegates hear and cheer their leaders, and, quite frequently, criticise them. It would be unconstitutional if either parliamentary party allowed itself to be controlled and directed by its own mass party organisation; but equally it would be political suicide for either parliamentary party consistently to ignore the annual assembly of its most militant and hard working supporters. The Conservative Party frankly acknowledges that the conference has no more than advisory functions. Labour Party literature appears to imply that the conference has a decisive voice in the affairs of the party; but in fact it does not. By an adroit use of the internal party mechanisms the conference is kept carefully in control; and on the rare occasions when the conference gets out of control, it usually succeeds in doing little more than demonstrating its own impotence.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan put it in this way, when, at the Labour Conference of 1948, he resisted a resolution urging the Labour Government to introduce legislation abolishing the tied cottage system: 'It is quite impossible', he said, 'for a conference of 1,100 people, even if it were constitutionally proper, to determine the order in which the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Government introduces legislation in the House of Commons. It is for the conference to lay down the policies of the parliamentary party, and for the parliamentary party to interpret those policies in the light of the parliamentary system. Any other procedure would merely confuse the whole situation'. But the resolution was carried, none the less.

So Mr. McKenzie concludes that the essential function of the two mass organisations is to sustain two competing teams of parliamentary leaders between whom the electorate as a whole may periodically choose. All other functions of the mass organisations are, and must remain, subsidiary to their primary task as vote-getting agencies.

When the party is in office, the supporters outside parliament are little more than a highly organised pressure group with a special channel of communication directly to the leader, the Cabinet, and the parliamentary party. When the party is out of office it tends to listen rather more readily to its supporters in the country, but 'no major parliamentary party in the modern period has allowed itself to be relegated to the role of spokesman or servant of its mass organisation'.

I wonder whether the ordinary citizen or the ordinary rank-and-file supporter of the two major parties will be surprised to read Mr. McKenzie's conclusions. If he is surprised, there will not be wanting certain sophisticated persons to tell him that there is nothing to be surprised about. They will say: It is equally fantastic to believe that a party can be run by one leader as that it can be run by a mass meeting. Parties are neither monarchies nor democracies; they are oligarchies. And they must be so, because of 'the iron law of oligarchy'.

This formidable conception was brought into prominence by the book of a German professor, Robert Michels, entitled *Political Parties: a Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy*, first published in Germany in 1911 and produced in a English translation in 1915. I think it will be good if Mr. McKenzie book takes us back to Michels' work again, for it has worn we Nobody is clear, however, either what Michels actually meant by 't iron law of oligarchy' or what we should mean by it. Did he mea any more than that in political affairs the few govern and the man are governed, that there is not only a tendency but indeed a necessi for management to be in the hands of a few, that indeed all gover ment tends to be government by committee? Going back to his boo again, I obtained the impression that a large part of it was devot to asserting, illustrating, and explaining just this. His expositi of what he calls the psychological and technical reasons which ma for the rule of the few in party organisation seemed to me st extremely stimulating.

But, it may be objected, to say that the leaders are few and the l many is surely to utter a truism, and to call this feature of politic organisation oligarchy is surely to end up with a rather unilluminati conclusion that all government is oligarchy. We must not be too hard truisms, but perhaps we should see whether something more discrimin ting can be extracted from the notion of an 'iron law of oligarchy

Could we not say that the question to ask about an organisation not whether the leaders or rulers are few—for that is an almost un versal political phenomenon—but to whom, if to anybody, these fe leaders are responsible. Are we not misled by some common politic terms? People say: Monarchy is government by one; oligarchy government by the few; democracy is government by the many or the mass, or by the people. Yet we know that the many do not a cannot govern and we can be certain that it is rare for one to be a so governor. When we speak of monarchy we mean that the few wh govern are responsible to one; when we speak of democracy, we mea that the few who govern are responsible to the many or to the peopl and surely, similarly, when we speak of oligarchy, we mean that t few who govern are responsible to a few, perhaps to themselves, but any case to a few. If we think of oligarchy in this way, the iron la tells us that, of necessity, the few who rule and lead are responsible a few or to a minority. And in the context of the political parties means that the leaders, inevitably, are not responsible to the ma organisation but to some smaller body or perhaps just to themselv and a narrow ruling group associated with them.

I do not know if this is what Michels meant by his iron law oligarchy or whether it would make sense to others who believe the law. In particular I might be asked to say more precisely wh I mean by the few being 'responsible' to the one or to a few or the many. I should find this difficult to do. But we are used to t notion of 'responsible government' in this country and in t Commonwealth, and one of the things it means is that leaders a 'responsible' to a body when they hold office because, and for long as, they have the confidence of that body. And I believe th idea is understood and applied not only in the government of t country but in the organisation of the political parties also.

Responsibility to the Parliamentary Parties

What happens if we test some of these notions on Mr. McKenzie exposition and interpretation of British political parties? The fir thing that emerges is, surely, that the leaders of the Conservative an Labour Parties are not responsible to the mass organisations of the parties; they hold office because and for so long as they have t confidence of the members of their party in parliament. I do n mean that they lack the confidence of the mass organisation, or th they can behave irresponsibly towards it, or that there would not serious consequences for them if they lost the confidence of the ma organisation. But the essentials of the matter are that the leaders a responsible to the parliamentary parties. Considered exclusively in term of the relationship between the leaders and the mass organisation neither of the two British political parties, on Mr. McKenzie's analysi has a democratic form of government. Are we, then, to conclude tha in spite of these mass organisations, the iron law of oligarchy h produced the result, ironic indeed for the Labour Party particularl that the two major British parties are oligarchies, that is to say th their leaders, the select few, are responsible only to a few?

At first sight it looks like it. The parliamentary parties are a sma minority and it is their confidence and support which the leaders mu have; they are responsible to them. But you cannot leave it at tha These parliamentary parties are themselves responsible, and responsib not to a few but to the many, to the electorate. They hold office

mbers of Parliament because and for so long as they have the nfidence of the electors. To ignore the responsibility of the members the parliamentary parties to the many, and to take account only the responsibility of the party leaders to the parliamentary parties d thereby to conclude that party leadership in Britain is an oligarchy, a crude over-simplification of the way in which the British parties rk.

Mr. McKenzie has some interesting things to say about all this. My ly quarrel with him is that he did not say more. A meagre ten ges is all he gives us by way of conclusions upon the evidence pro- ced in the previous 580 pages. I would have preferred a condensa- n of the evidence, so that we might have had 100 pages or so upon se difficult and important problems associated with the notion of the n law of oligarchy. Not that he conceals his views. He writes:

A crude application of Michels' theories would ignore what might be termed the division of labour within British political parties. It would ignore the fact that the primary function of the mass organisations is to sustain competing teams of potential leaders in the House of Commons in order that the electorate as a whole may choose between them. All other functions involving attempts by the mass organisations to influence the formulation of policy and the emergence of leaders within the parliamentary parties are, and must remain, subsidiary. The mass organisations may be permitted to play a small part in these respects; but if they attempted to arrogate to themselves a determining influence with respect to policy or leadership they would be cutting across the chain of responsibility from Cabinet, to parliament, to electorate, which is a fundamental feature of the British parliamentary system.

These are important considerations and they certainly qualify a crude ceptance of an iron law of oligarchy. At the same time, when we member the iron law of discipline in the parliamentary parties them- ves, and the resultant restriction of choice which this imposes upon electorate, we cannot ignore the strong tendencies towards oligarchy, the opportunities for oligarchy in the party organisations, which the tem obviously displays and affords. It would be foolish to forget at, though oligarchy is not necessarily or completely bad, it has its own dangers not less renowned than those of democracy. I should have liked to have had more discussion of these questions, and it was at this stage, too, that I felt most the need of some discussion of other parties than the major two to which Mr. McKenzie has confined himself. In particular, when oligarchy and democracy are being discussed, it would be illuminating to have some talk of the Communist Party organisation, if only of its theory.

Mr. McKenzie is fairly happy about the situation which his study reveals. 'An extensive review of the working of British party organisations inspires neither alarm nor gloom', he says, and he quotes as equally apt for today what Bryce said in 1902: 'In England, happily for England, the (party) organisations have not ceased to be controlled by men occupying a position which makes them amenable to public opinion, nor have they as yet departed far from the traditions in which the strength of English free government lies'. So, though both are shams, both are also beneficial shams.

I cannot help wondering how the organisers of these two shams, transparent or opaque, will receive the verdict which Mr. McKenzie has passed upon them. In this connection I am reminded of the exchange of courtesies which marked the proceedings of the Pickwick Club when Mr. Blotton, that haberdasher of Aldgate, having called Mr. Pickwick a humbug—a word of similar connotation to 'sham'—was invited by the Chairman to say 'whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense. Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. He was bound to acknowledge that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it to be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction'. Shall we find that the two British political parties will accept Mr. McKenzie's description of them as 'shams' in the same splendid spirit of understanding and appreciation. I wonder?—*Third Programme*

Hitler's Photographer and Friend

Lieut.-Col. R. H. STEVENS on Heinrich Hoffmann

HITLER'S photographer. These two words will probably suffice to recall me to the minds of those who are sufficiently interested to ask themselves: who is this fellow, Heinrich Hoffmann?' It is with these—rather modest— rds that Hoffmann himself opens his autobiography; and though they y of themselves be true, they do not, to my mind, tell the whole th. For here is a man, remarkable in both aracter and experience, who merits interest his own right, rather than merely as the ssive mirror and recorder of one about om such a very great deal of both fact and nsense has already been written.

Long before Hitler appeared on the scene, einrich Hoffmann was already one of the most stinguished and successful photographers of time, before whose camera kings and em- rors, great artists, singers, statesmen, and ople famous in all walks of life had paused, as himself puts it, for just those few seconds he quired to perpetuate the occasion and the rson. Then, for nearly a quarter of a century, enjoyed Hitler's friendship—and his com- ete confidence in a manner attained by no her person; a friendship not based on politics, which, as he says, he knew little and cared s, nor dictated by motives of self-interest on part for, as he truthfully observes, 'when became friends I was by far the more lidly established of the two of us'.

Heinrich Hoffmann with Hitler at the Führer's headquarters

As Hitler's friend he incurred the impatient ath of Dr. Goebbels, easily the most intelligent in the whole nazi hierarchy, and—much more dangerous—the implacable and envious hatred of Ribbentrop, Bormann, and the other enthusiastic and slavishly sycophantic nazi henchmen, who brooked no outsider, who eyed each other askance, and who jockeyed jealously for position in their master's favour. After the collapse of Germany, Hoffmann, being who he was, was automatically arrested by the Americans who, however, after a brief interrogation, quickly and unconditionally released him. Re-arrested at once by the Bavarian Government, he received from the German Denazification Court a sentence which, well, let me content myself with saying a sentence which was extremely severe: ten years' imprisonment, confiscation of all property, deprivation of all civil rights and prohibition to pursue any profession is not a punishment which the average man in his sixties can take in his stride. On appeal, the prison sentence was eventually, in 1952, reduced to five years and, as Hoffmann had already served nearly five years, he was released.

A man who has achieved so great a success in his profession must, I thought, be both ripe in experience and interesting in his reminiscences; a man who incurred the hatred of the nazi leaders and survived must possess both wit and resource; a man who on the threshold of old age suffers such violent reversals of fortune—from riches to penury, from the security of a comfortable home to the stark rigours of gaol—and still faces life

with undiminished zest and vigour, must possess both character and courage to a high degree; and, finally, a man who was so swiftly and unconditionally released by our lynx-eyed allies cannot, obviously, be a criminal or, indeed, a bad chap at all. And so, when I was invited to go to Munich to interview Hoffmann, I jumped at the chance.

We all of us, I suppose, form mental pictures of people in whom we are interested, but whom we have never seen. I had translated the manuscript of Hoffmann's memoirs, and in my mind's eye I had for some reason pictured a tall, loose-limbed, rather slow-moving, slow-speaking individual, with that worldly, but by no means unkindly, cynicism which marks the experienced press photographer and reporter, a man unperturbed by events and unabashed in the presence of the great. Hoffmann too, when he heard that the individual who was to seek him out was not only a retired regular Colonel, but also one with whose past activities and experiences he was well acquainted, received the news with much misgiving and a lack of enthusiasm which was anything but flattering. And the fact that we were both so completely wrong in our preconceived notions of each other was responsible, I think, in no small measure for the liking which, I may claim, was both instant and mutual.

'Let me present you—Herr Oberstleutnant Stevens . . . Herr Professor Heinrich Hoffmann'

The figure before me was that of a short, comfortably tubby little man. Crowned by a shock of iron-grey hair was a strong and purposeful face, marked with the unmistakable stamp of suffering, which was belied by a pair of bright, merry, and quickly twinkling eyes. The hand stretched out in greeting to me was small, tapering, and beautifully moulded—the hand of an artist. Round the corners of a firm but sensitive mouth the lines drawn by bitter experience struggled in vain for mastery with a smile of irrepressible and bubbling good humour. His speech and gestures were rapid and expressive, and all his movements had the engaging swift pertness of a bird. In no time we were seated, a bottle of Rhine wine between us, talking animatedly with that somewhat impolite disregard for our fellows which denotes complete absorption.

Hitler with his Gauleiters in Berlin posing for a photograph by Mr. Hoffmann in 1933. Goebbels is seen second from the left; Hess is on Hitler's right, Streicher on his left

Though he was a photographer by profession, his great ambition had always been to become a painter. But his father, himself a photographer of repute, had been adamant. 'Better a good photographer than a bad artist', he had declared, and he had allowed his son just one enchanted year to study only those aspects of art—anatomy, composition, and the like—which had a direct bearing on photography. Nevertheless, art remained the cherished delight of his life, and the art journal which he edited and published for many years was certainly the most prized, and perhaps the most successful and lucrative, of all his ventures.

One may well ask oneself what was the basis of this friendship between the austere, shy, teetotal, non-smoking, vegetarian Hitler and this happy-go-lucky, bohemian *bon viveur* Heinrich Hoffmann? It was based partly, I think, on the attraction of opposites. Partly, too, on the purely personal nature of their relationship, but primarily on their mutual and passionate devotion to the art. For Hitler, too, to become an artist had been the ambition of his dreams, and but for his conviction that he had a mission in life he would undoubtedly have done so. Hoffmann's verdict—an unbiased one, I am sure—on Hitler as a potential artist is interesting. 'Had he devoted himself to art', he told me, 'Hitler would certainly have earned for himself an honourable place among contemporary water-colour painters, and might well have become pre-eminent as an architect'.

Both men were essentially creatures of impulse, and it was an impulsive, chivalrous gesture on Hoffmann's part at their first meeting in the early nineteen-twenties which laid the foundations of a friendship that grew and remained steadfast through twenty-five turbulent years. In his early political days Hitler, to stimulate public curiosity, had refused to allow himself to be photographed, and very considerab sums had been offered by press agencies for an authentic photo of hin Hoffmann had succeeded in snapping him, but had been fallen upon i the act by Hitler's bodyguard, who smashed his camera. His profession zeal aroused, Hoffmann determined to succeed. He arranged to b host at a wedding breakfast at which Hitler was going to be presen Recognising him as the discomfited photographer, Hitler was ver grateful to find that Hoffmann bore no malice. After the meal the tw men retired to Hoffmann's study. Hitler greatly admired Hoffmann modest collection of paintings and his impressive array of photographi diplomas. They talked first art and then photography, and Hitl explained his reasons for avoiding the camera, and finished by saying 'But this much I promise you, Herr Hoffmann, when I do decid to allow it, you shall be the first to photograph me'.

At that moment, Hoffmann's assistant appeared with a freshl developed plate. Hoffmann had concealed a camera in the dining-roon In silence he handed the plate to Hitler, who looked at it and remarked 'A bit under-exposed'.

'Agreed—but good enough for a print *and* for the twenty thousan dollars offered for it', retorted Hoffmann. 'Or at least it would hav been', he added, an smashed the plate agains the table.

For a moment Hitle gazed at him in delighte astonishment. Then: ' like you, Herr Hoff mann!' he exclaimed 'May I come and se you often?'

Hoffmann's insistenc on the purely persona nature of their relation ship, his obvious lack o interest in politics o power, his persistence i refusing absolutely t accept any official posi tion in the nazi part machine, all combine to convince Hitler of th disinterested sincerity o his friendship—to mak him regard Hoffmann as a real friend and consequently to give him hi full and intimate confidence. Hitler was a bully, and like all bullies h respected a man who stood up to him; and the sturdy, impulsiv independence of opinion to which Hoffmann never hesitated to giv expression was refreshing to a man who, though an autocrat, was n fool, and to whom the slavish sycophancy which surrounded him must often have been nauseating to a degree.

Sometimes Hoffmann was too outspoken even for Hitler's taste. O one occasion at table, nettled by the vegetarian Hitler's affectionat reference to 'our Bavarian cannibal', he blurted out: 'All right! know I eat, drink, and smoke like a stalwart, but I'm as hard as nail and as fit as a fiddle; whereas you and Hess here, who eat leave grass, twigs, and God knows what other messes, have to have pill and injections every day and daren't move a yard without a doctor i attendance!' And for several days Hoffman was out of favour, fo there was nothing Hitler resented more than a suggestion of poor health

To say of anyone so close to the nazi throne that he hated injustic is to invite incredulity and derision. But Heinrich Hoffmann did hat injustice and he hated cruelty. He knew, of course, that a concentratio camp was a grim sort of place, but he was far removed and, like s many other Germans, he prefered not to enquire too closely into thing which did not concern him. But whenever he came into personal contac with some case of stupid injustice or senseless cruelty, he boldly calle upon his friend, Hitler, to rectify it. More than one distinguishe painter, writer, artist, whose career had been blighted because hi political outlook was not quite sound, has cause to thank Hoffmann, an many a man imprisoned by a ruthless Gestapo for some trivial o thoughtless offence was released as a result of his intervention—and desk-full of grateful letters bears eloquent witness to this fact.

I spent three weeks in constant, daily company with Hoffmann, an in three weeks an impulsive, spontaneous creature such as he is wi

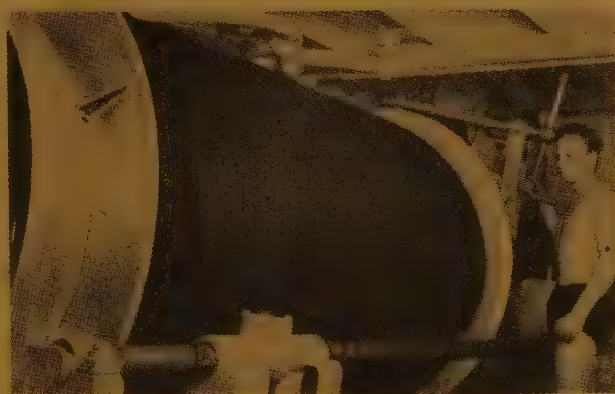
(*continued on page* 205)

Photographs from *I was Hitler's Friend*, by Heinrich Hoffman, to be published in May by the Burke Publishing Company, 16s.

Life in the Deepest Ocean

By ANTON BRUUN

BY the end of the eighteenth century, the general distribution of land and sea over the surface of the globe had been fairly well established by the great explorers. They found that land covers only about a third of the surface of the earth, thus leaving by r the larger part to the oceans. But they d not know that the depths of the seas ey were cruising on reach deeper below e surface than the highest mountains wer towards the sky. And, as a matter of ct, the deepest oceanic area in the world as found only recently when, in 1951, er Majesty's Survey Ship, *Challenger*, und a depth of 5,940 fathoms (that is, ore than 35,000 feet) in the Mariana rench in the west Pacific. For our purse it is especially important to note that e now also know the main distribution the depths.



A heavy winch, holding seven miles of wire, on board the Danish Navy frigate *Galathea* when engaged on fishery research in the deep seas; below, the empty drum after all the wire had been paid out.

Most of the continents are fringed by a elf with a gentle seaward slope towards e 100-fathom line; then the ocean eepens rapidly and we enter the deep sea. he Continental Shelf, however, covers ly seven and a half per cent. of all seas, d even if we include the steeper slopes own to 1,100 fathoms, we add only other eight and a half per cent. This aves more than four-fifths of the seas eeper than 1,100 fathoms, so that the erage depth of the oceans is about 2,000 thoms. In other words, a third of the rth is covered with more than 12,000 et of water. It is about this deeper part at I shall speak.

What are the conditions of life at these epths—which are of such enormous extent? Is it at all possible to give a reasonble account of them in a few words? The swer is 'yes', because no other place on e earth is so uniform, from one ocean to nother, or from the equator towards the poles, or from one year to the ext. The temperature is always just a few degrees above the freezing oint of fresh water; in the polar regions it may be a little less, and ly in seas separated om the open ocean a sill (like the lediterranean) does rise to higher temeratures. The salinty is practically the me as in the Chanel, or close to three d a half per cent. his uniformity of linity and the low mperature origines in the general rculation of the eep water in the ceans. Surface water cooled in the lar regions, sinks wards the bottom, d flows towards e equator. As a sult, the deep water is also fairly well aerated and contains sufficient dissolved oxygen for animals to breathe. Finally, it is important to remember that there is total lack of sunlight, which at most can penetrate only a few hundred fathoms of the surface layers.

Lowering the sledge-trawl from the *Galathea* into the Tonga-Kermadec Trench

In most places, the bottom itself consists of very soft sediments, either clays or oozes. Because of the low velocity of the deep-sea currents, exposed rock surfaces are rare. So far, these life conditions are very similar to those found in the polar regions at much shallower depths; but one important factor remains—the pressure. We, and all creatures on land, live under the pressure of the air above us and surrounding us—the pressure we call one atmosphere—but animals living in the water live under the additional hydrostatic pressure of the water layers above them. This means that the pressure increases by about one atmosphere for every five and a half fathoms, corresponding to an enormous hydrostatic pressure of about 1,000 atmospheres in the extreme ocean depths.

We must remember that this immense pressure has no crushing effect on the tissues of an organism, because the whole of the body tissues and fluids will always be at the same hydrostatic pressure as that of the environment. But this does not mean that the hydrostatic pressure has no physiological effect; on the contrary it has been known for more than sixty years that organisms from land or shallow water do suffer when they are exposed to high pressures—eventually even fatally.

It is a fact that the first real deep-sea expedition, the British *Challenger* expedition of 1872-76, found a variety of strange animals right down to 3,000 fathoms, and Prince Albert of Monaco made, fifty years ago, a haul at 3,300 fathoms. This was naturally sufficient to prove that there are physiological adaptations enabling life to exist at great depths in the oceans. But, would this also be the case 2,000 fathoms deeper still, with an added pressure of about 400 atmospheres?

This question was left totally open until 1947 when the Swedish Deep-sea Expedition pushed the known lower limit for organisms down to 4,300 fathoms. A single haul with a trawl brought up some species of small invertebrates — also few in number. In 1950 the American microbiologist, Claude E. ZoBell, succeeded in making cultures of bacteria from 3,000 fathoms, but they stopped growth when

the hydrostatic pressure was increased to correspond with a depth of 4,300 fathoms, that is 800 atmospheres. This was the situation when the Danish Deep-sea Expedition started in October 1950 for a world cruise in the Royal Danish Navy frigate, *Galathea*.

Plans for this expedition were worked out during the second world war, its main object being the study of the organisms in the deeper half of the oceans, and, if possible, also in the very greatest depths. The expedition came into being as the result of a happy collaboration between the Royal Danish Navy and the University of Copenhagen, a tradition that has lasted for more than a century. The *Galathea*, a ship of 1,600 tons displacement, carried a total complement of 100 men of whom about twenty were scientists and technicians. Her laboratory could accommodate eleven scientists working at the same time, and the ship had all the ordinary equipment of trawls, dredges, and water-sampling bottles, and so on, carried by any research vessel. Only two sets of gear were specially made for exploring extreme depths: one was the continuously recording echo-sounding apparatus made by a British firm, which was indispensable when we wanted to trawl in deep trenches; the other gear was a heavy winch which could manage the seven-mile-long, steel-wire rope weighing nine tons.

Our route was, roughly: from Denmark to South Africa, across the Indian Ocean to the Philippines; here the Philippine Trench was explored in July 1951, then the Sunda Trench south of Java, the Banda Deep west of New Guinea, and the Solomon Trench; after a visit to the Great Australian Bight and the New Zealand waters, the Tonga-Kermadec Trench was searched before crossing the Pacific to California, from where we returned *via* the Panama Canal to Denmark after twenty-one months of cruising.

Team Work

Many kinds of scientific research depend on team work; the exploration of the deep sea certainly is a field where it is required to the utmost. Single-handed, a scientist can collect animals on the sea-shore, but when he wants animals from six miles down he must have a ship where everybody on board takes an interest in his work, whether it be the commander of the ship or the young sailor who changes the gears of the big winch—a wrong judgement by either of whom may cause the irreplaceable wire rope to break. Happily we soon became a team and had ample time to work out a fixed routine, while fishing our way southwards in the Atlantic and across the Indian Ocean at depths just passing 2,500 fathoms. Then, in July 1951, we found ourselves facing the Philippine Trench and began to feel that as we had been climbing the Alps we were now to try Mount Everest.

Our first task was simply to find the place at 5,500 fathoms where we wanted to dredge. In the chart there were a few spots indicating such depths, and they were easily found, but we also had to know the general configuration of the bottom, because we needed many miles of even bottom along which to tow our nets.

The result of many days of continuous echo-sounding was that we discovered that the extreme depths were confined to the bottom of a long valley, only half a mile, to one mile, broad. Rugged slopes rose towards east and west as steep as any mountain slope, on which our nets would have been torn to pieces if they had been dragged up them. There was no choice: sailing six miles above the bottom, we had to send our sledge-trawl down, exactly into that narrow furrow, less than a mile broad, and then direct the ship along the valley at a speed of only two miles per hour. With a current sweeping across the valley and changing winds during the lengthy operations it was no easy task.

Up to that point we had used only some five miles of wire, which we now changed for a new wire seven miles long. Everybody on board felt excited that afternoon, when the sledge-trawl disappeared into the deep blue sea, and everybody looked questioningly at each other: Will we know, tomorrow morning, if animals can live under 1,000 atmospheres pressure; are organisms to be found everywhere in the ocean?

Mile after mile of wire passed into the water, about two miles per hour; the echo-sounder faithfully recorded 5,000 fathoms, just when all the wire had been paid out and only a few turns remained on the winch. Success now depended on a long series of correct calculations: first, naturally, that the wire had sufficient strength, and next, that it was long enough. According to theory, the trawl should strike the bottom three miles behind the ship, and we kept it there for 110 minutes, sailing slowly along the valley, all the time correcting for possible errors from current, wind, and waves. Even if the trawl were towed five fathoms above the bottom, the attempt would be a failure, because we wanted animals that live only in or on the very bottom, like mussels, worms, or other creatures that cannot swim.

Eventually, in the middle of the dark, tropical night, orders w given to haul the gear, and again mile after mile of wire slowly fi the winch. This gave us the first feeling of relief, because if this h were a failure we could try again. Altogether fourteen hours pas between the disappearance of the net into the water and our first si of its dim outline coming up through the clear water again. Then m relief: whitish patches of clay on the frame of the trawl indicat contact with the bottom; and then: the net was not torn. The n few minutes, until the net was opened on the deck, were like years.

The first surprise was to find a number of stones and gravel, this was an indisputable proof that the trawl had been working on bottom, sifting the clay. And there on a stone was the first bott animal, a whitish sea anemone hardly an inch long. Even if we fo no more animals this was proof that life can exist, that animals breed, under a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres. But still more anim were found: twenty-five sea anemones, about seventy-five sea cucu bers, five bivalves, a polychaetous worm, and a small amphipod crus cean, altogether quite a varied fauna.

We tried fishing six times, but wind and currents played round w us so that only two more hauls were successful, adding three m species to our list and many more specimens. From the bottom c our bacteriologist succeeded in making cultures of several species bacteria. While all the larger animals were dead, probably mo because of the high temperature of the surface water, the bacteria s vived, and indeed could multiply when kept under a pressure of 1,(atmospheres and at the same low temperature as at the bottom.

These bacteria must be of great importance for the bottom-liv animals, because they can utilise the energy of the organic debris sink down from above, transform it into fresh organic matter in the form their own bodies, which in turn are eaten by the small filter-feed or mud-eating animals. At these great depths food must be sca as evidenced by the small size of all the animals we found—they w all less than an inch long.

Four more trenches were studied and about 125 different species, more than 5,000 specimens, were collected, thus adding considera to our knowledge of the hitherto unfished ocean depths. No new gr of animals was found that could be compared with the coelacanth fi on the contrary, a general characterisation of the deepest-living anim is that they are very like the species living at a higher level—exc that they are small, pale, and blind. The lower-limit at which t are found varies in the different groups; for example, fishes, s urchins, star-fishes, and crabs have not been found deeper than ab 4,000 fathoms. The reason for this may partly be a food problem, also adaptability to high pressures. The external form of the vari animals and bacteria were not unusual, but their tissues, and fluids their bodies, must be different, and here the cultures of bacteria s under study by Professor ZoBell may give us new fundamental kn ledge of physiological processes under the very high pressures.

Galathea's collections are now being studied by specialists in sev countries, but this expedition was just a first modest step in the st of the deepest deep sea. Many more expeditions are required, and h I should mention that preliminary results from the recent Russ exploration of the Kurile-Kamtjatscha Trench in the north-west Pac show a surprising parallel to *Galathea's* results. Deep-sea researc a costly science, but many fundamental problems of biology, geolo geophysics, and so on can be solved only by more research. So work must be done. The *Galathea* expedition was Denmark's rec contribution to this fascinating science, oceanology, the study of Seven Seas and what they contain.—*Third Programme*

The North Region of the B.B.C. announces a competition to find plays sound broadcasting. Three prizes are offered—the first of £300, the sec of £150, and the third of £75—and in addition each winning author receive the normal broadcasting fee. Other plays which are not awar prizes may also be broadcast. The judges will be: Flora Robson, Lo Golding, and Harold Hobson. The competition is open to professional amateur writers throughout the country, but there are two main stipu tions: writers born, educated, or residing in the ten northern countie North Region and in the Isle of Man can submit a play on any subj others without these qualifications may also submit plays, but the pl must have a northern theme or background. Plays must be speci written for broadcasting and should not be less than thirty minutes more than ninety minutes in length. All entries must be submitted und *nom-de-plume*, with the author's real name in a sealed envelope acc panying the manuscript. They should be addressed: Play Competit Drama Department, Broadcasting House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. closing date of the competition is July 31, 1955.

What It Means To Be French

DARSIE GILLIE gives the last of the talks on 'The Gallic Scene Today'

YOU cannot live twenty years or so amongst people of another nation without asking yourself what it is like to be of that nation. You start thinking that it is rather like belonging to the rival school at a match. But it is infinitely more complicated. Being French is not just like being British in a different colour. Different nations wear their nationality variously. They have not the same relationship to it. And that relationship changes. It is the kind of thing that friends should be aware of. I am conscious that not being French myself I can offer observations only from outside. I would like to consider the complicated and delicate subject of being French, of being French in general, and being French today in particular.

No 'Hyphenated Britons'

As good a starting point as any is the point of view of some one in exile, with no hope of returning to his country of origin, and who is considering the possibility of making his permanent home elsewhere. In a recent article a Pole was discussing the prospects offered to his exiled fellow-countrymen in different parts of the globe. It was, he thought, more difficult for a foreigner to go British than to change his spots in any other country in the world. The minimum requirements of the process were both more subtle and more complete by the standards of the receiving nation. You could be a hyphenated American. You could not be a hyphenated Briton. Even in France a less complete change of skin was required.

This, to my mind, points to two ways in which being French is different from being British. It is difficult to be a hyphenated Briton, because being British is already a hyphenated condition. Normally anyone British is also an Englishman or a Scotsman or a Welshman or a Jamaican or a New Zealander. In French there is no equivalent to the double vocabulary which distinguishes between the more intimate sense of association—English or Scottish or Welsh—and the more external, British. How uncomfortable to be British and nothing else, rather like wearing a suit of clothes with nothing underneath it! The word French covers the intimate and the external relationship. It caresses the body and it presents a bold front to the world. A Breton is a Frenchman. A Welshman is not an Englishman. How difficult to explain to a Frenchman that Scottish nationalism is not just an archaistic provincialism, that it is not even anti-British. How equally difficult to convince an Englishman that for a Frenchman to call a Martiniquais a fellow-Frenchman is more like calling him a fellow-Englishman than a fellow-Briton. There are compartments within the idea of Briton. There are degrees of intimacy within that of Frenchman.

Degrees of intimacy there must indeed be, because, and this is the second point suggested by the Pole's remark, French nationality has been for centuries an expanding one, and in this century has accepted very many new recruits. England, which provides, after all, the core of what is British, has shown no capacity for expansion in 900 years—but instead this extraordinary talent of grouping other societies round her in the British hold-all. Not only are Bretons Frenchmen, but Alsatians and Corsicans, of whom the first were still Germans, the second still Italians in the eighteenth century. This process has been extended overseas—with more uneven success, it is true. How far Algerians have become Frenchmen in the full sense of the word is most uncertain, even in France itself where they have replaced Italian immigrants at work on French roads and in many other forms of heavy labour. But West Indians are intimately involved in French life. Indeed, one of them has just been re-elected for the ninth time to the third place in the French Republic, that of President of the Senate.

In addition to this absorption of the populations of territories joined to her politically, there has been in the present century a very big migration. There must be more than 3,000,000 of France's citizens who were either themselves originally immigrants or who are descended from an immigrant who arrived in the past fifty years. Belgians and Swiss, Spaniards and Italians, Poles, Russians, and Rumanians have poured in. The other day I heard of a neighbourhood where several Dutchmen had bought small farms and settled. Among the German-speaking minorities expelled from eastern Europe since the war was a group in the Banat whose ancestors had been brought there 250 years ago from what is now French Lorraine. They have been taken back to France.

Becoming a Frenchman is, of course, a very different thing from being born one, but in one form or another it has been going on successfully for a long time and it is much more usual than becoming a British subject. It is no doubt partly because England has been an unchanging unit between Tweed and Channel for so long that the English, like Topsy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* are inclined to deny they were made and assert that they just growed. All human beings and all human societies are a combined result of natural growth and of being made, but different societies are very variously aware of the extent to which they result from one or the other: we have prided ourselves on broadening from precedent to precedent—not a Frenchman's idea of a pleasing or reasonable political prospect. It is perhaps worth noting that when England was being most ruthlessly reshaped by political architects, rather as Baron Haussman reshaped Paris, the architects were Frenchmen, Norman and Angevin—William and Henry.

The French are also profoundly conscious of having grown, of having roots going down into the soil long before history. In spite of all the shocks of political and intellectual revolution in the past 160 years the rhythm of all the centuries that went before can be felt in the twentieth-century day if you are attentive. French consciousness of nationality is at least as richly sensuous as our own, the curve of the hill, the shape of window and door, the colour of the field, the taste and odour of wine or soup, the touch of a coarse-linen sheet. But Frenchmen are also more aware and more pleased to be aware of the element of conscious choice and direction in their history and of conscious self-constitution in their nation. Not even the most devoted supporter of the British throne would speak of the 'Forty kings who made' our country as French monarchists delight to do. Frenchmen are proud to be skilfully civilised where we like to think that our decent feelings only required a little bringing up.

The French language has been deliberately shaped by grammarians and its spelling ordered on the basis of principle. Compare the unabashed human intervention that makes a French park, with the careful concealment of it in an English one. Frenchmen like to think of their history as their planned handiwork. They chose and did. They chose to be the eldest daughter of the Church, led the crusaders—*gesta Dei per Francos*—and built the cathedrals. They then chose to remake their country on the basis of reason, remodelled every institution, redrew every local frontier, and put at least one cathedral up to auction. They tossed away the complexities of measures based on pace and thumb and a day's work with horse and plough, adopted the metric system based on the girdle of the earth and felt the better for it. France and his back garden were not less a Frenchman's own for being measured in terms of the planet.

The Link of the Great Ideas

Indeed, this rationalist approach was a necessity, once the nation had become broad-based on a much wider distribution of property than was the case with us. The revolution destroyed the structural link between local and national affairs that a landed upper class provides. France has far more small farms, far more farmer owners, far more villages, far more small towns than Britain. There had to be some link between village and great nation—the link of the high road, the link of the great ideas, the link of the reasonable.

It is this doctrinal, programmatic carapace of Frenchness that makes it available to many a newcomer who does not become French for love of La Fontaine or Proust. I remember seeing some old Alsatian family albums of the last years of the eighteenth century. The only French words were the dates—the dates of the revolutionary calendar. They were the mark of the new political allegiance and new national consciousness. It is France sowing the seed of ideas, that used to appear on the Republic's stamps and coins in the far-off days before 1914, that still wins an extraordinary variety of new citizens for France, varying from central European intellectuals to central Africans engaged on their first adventures into book learning. But France the sower of

ideas is also an aspect of this nation that matters very much to the born Frenchman, to the Frenchman whom many foreigners suppose to be entirely concerned with the subtleties of his civilisation.

France was, in fact, the first of the older nations to attempt a radical modernisation and democratisation of her entire structure. The France of the school history book is, again and again, a Titan tearing up her bonds and calling upon others to do likewise. That is as much part of being French as drinking *tisane*. And it is in this connection that the sense of what it means to be French is passing through a crisis.

First of all, the association of France with the ideas of liberty and reason undoubtedly carried an almost unconscious implication in many minds, that to be French was much the best way to enjoy liberty and exercise reason. It comes therefore as a shock that those in overseas territories whom France has taught to admire liberty and reason should sometimes think that the best way to enjoy these good things might be separating themselves from France. The British, no doubt essentially the English, approach, which did not even see the necessity of unifying the United Kingdom, has naturally found it much easier to adjust itself first to decentralisation and then to the abandonment of nearly all formal links. After all, people were not invited or even wanted to think of themselves as Englishmen. You grew that way, or else there was no hope for you—in that direction, at least. But it had been proved possible for men of the most various stocks—Celt and Mediterranean and Teuton and African—to become good Frenchmen; why not continue? The very intellectual ardour with which the idea had been pressed of French citizenship as a bond between free men, irrespective of colour or creed, had concealed the fact that there was indeed resistance to absorption on both sides. The idea that Algeria is a part of metropolitan France, for instance, has in practice been compatible for many Frenchmen with that of an indefinitely prolonged apprenticeship in political rights for the great majority of the Algerians.

In adjusting the idea of French nationality to the French Union in general and to the different French territories overseas there is the further difficulty that revolutionary, liberating France is precisely centralising France, France one and indivisible. She advances alone at the head of her various following, like Liberty on Delacroix' barricade. The individual Frenchman was set free by the destruction of all the loyalties and authorities that came between him and France. The man who wants decentralisation and federation is suspect of being a reactionary. Although the Archbishop of Lyon is Primate of the Gauls in the plural, it has long been very difficult to think of France in any multiple form. She is not equipped with numerous apron strings like Britannia.

But being French in the twentieth century seems to involve another and more difficult decision—or, rather, two decisions. The word French we have seen involved both the more intimate associations of the word English or Scottish and the more external one of British. It involves, then, I think, in a closer relationship than with us. But France, like Britain, is no longer one of the towering giants of the world. Indeed her relative stature has shrunk more than Britain's. She is no longer an unquenchable source of energy. Other nations have surpassed her in sheer population in the second half of the nineteenth century and her effort in the 1914-18 war was proportionately more costly. The second world war has been less costly in human lives, but in some other ways a greater strain, and, unlike the first, accompanied by great humiliation.

We have seen that Frenchness involves a combination of individualism on the smallest scale and of standard-bearing in the world, of pioneering and playing a great part in it. It is easy to wonder whether Frenchmen should not pull in their horns. They are no longer amongst the most numerous, or the most wealthy, or economically amongst the most advanced nations. Why persist? Why not become a kind of large Scandinavian state, permanently in a siding (as Scandinavian states were once supposed to be). The word *petit* has long been popular in France. The morning paper with the biggest circulation used to be the *Petit Parisien*. Clearly, a great many Frenchmen have thought that it would be nicer to concentrate on *douceur de vivre* and security, and on living comfortably within a small range. But in fact very few will admit it. It is a point of view which most young Frenchmen dislike, and you must not forget that young Frenchmen are going to be more numerous in the next few years than they have ever been in history. But if Frenchmen are going to persist in seeing themselves as a nation with a great function in making and in remaking the world, what sort of ideas is she to sow in the future, what is to be her contribution, her message? That is what so much French heart searching and indeed not a little of the day-to-day political disputes are about.

But she must not abandon her individualism, her sense that man existing through his senses and his affections and his daily work is the proper measure of civilisation, is an almost universal assumption. Even the French communists are evidently ambitious to turn their mass creed into something more humanistic. The French communists, however, at least know they are communists. For most Frenchmen the specific contribution that France should be making to the world situation is less clear at the present moment than at almost any time in her history. And France has always had her own contribution to make.

That is part of what being French has always meant. A good many Frenchmen had thought that the true bent of her genius should make of her today the apostle of Europe, that she would best continue to be France, be most French, in showing the way towards the abandonment of what had hitherto been considered the necessary accoutrements of nationality. Other Frenchmen have bitterly argued either that this is a thinly disguised self-abandonment or, worse, that it amounts to self-effacement before a nation of very different genius, the Germans. Some see the vocation of their country in the creation of a permanent organic relation between Europe and Africa and some believe France is called to diminish the tension between east and west. This, you may say, is politics. But being French does not just mean knowing about conversation and cheese and wine, producing painters and writers: it means feeling that you belong to a nation which has a great corporate vocation for bringing ideas to bear on material things. If the French were not to be that any longer, they and the world would have to readjust their ideas very radically about what it means to be French.

—*Third Programme*

The Novel and the Reader—IV

A Box of Tricks?

By GRAHAM HOUGH

I HAVE given myself an almost impossible job in this last talk. I ended the previous one* by remarking on the great range of technical devices that the novel now has at its disposal, and asking what it was going to do with them. No one knows what the novel is going to do, and prophecy is an unwise occupation. It is possible to detect, say, four tendencies active in the novel today; but that still does not tell you much about its future; for it is more than likely that three out of the four will fizzle out, and only one will have any permanent consequences; and there is absolutely no knowing which one of the four it is going to be.

But let us begin by trying to see what ground has been gained by all the technical experiment of the last thirty years. First, we are bound to recognise that sheer technical competence, sheer skill in handling the tools, has become widely spread in recent times. Anyone who has done a spell of reviewing knows that few out of the great flood of novels that is turned out year by year are of any lasting importance; yet few of them are really incompetent, really badly done. On the contrary, they are mostly thoroughly efficient, streamlined jobs in their way—often far more so than the productions of some of the great novelists of the past. As a matter of fact, many of the great novelists of the past were by no means faultless in this respect. Think of the creaking machinery with which the plots of Scott's novels are handled; the stagy, artificial scenes that are apt to occur at critical points in Dickens; think of the irrelevant stories stuck in to pad the thing out to the required three-volume length, or the too-obvious intrusion of the narrator, pulling his characters about like a puppet on visible wires. Strangely enough these things do not seem to matter as much as they ought. Perhaps, because the novel is a large, loose sort of affair, it can stand a good deal of untidiness in detail. But still the generally high standard of technical accomplishment today is a positive again, as far as it goes.

* Printed in THE LISTENER of January 27

Then we must record that the modern novel has conquered a whole new territory of mental life—the whole area of unconscious and half-conscious mental processes. This is connected with modern medical psychology—what we rather loosely call psycho-analysis—which has focused so much of our attention on dreams and day-dreams and unconfessed wishes, all that part of our mental life that normally goes on below the surface. But I do not want to consider psychology and literature here; I only want to remark that some of the recent techniques that I discussed in my last talk—the tricks with time, the attempt to represent directly the disconnected, uncensored thoughts of the characters—are specially adapted to dealing with this kind of theme.

The Old Methods and the New

These methods of representation are most obviously useful, and they can perhaps be seen at their best, in representing the inner life of simple people—people who do not analyse or reason about their feelings. The older methods could achieve their greatest triumphs in presenting fairly clear-headed characters who more or less know where they are going and are capable of explaining themselves in more or less rational terms. The new methods achieve their triumphs in representing all the variety, the confusion, the irrational muddle of mental life—either the life of rather confused, undeveloped people, or the life of other people when they are least in control, most off their guard. One symptom of this is the large number of modern novels that have a child as the central character. Children often appear as central characters in Victorian fiction—in *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Great Expectations* for example; but they are rather apt to grow up, and in any case they are either children seen as miniature adults, or at least children seen through adult eyes. What is new is the attempt to see the complicated confusing adult world through the eyes of a child, who experiences some things with extreme vividness, but who has not really the faintest idea what it is all about.

I believe that this begins in America: the first really good example of this kind of thing known to me is Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. By now, in American fiction, this practice has become almost an epidemic, and a great many of the most brilliant and attractive novels by the younger American writers—Truman Capote, Carson McCullers, Eudora Welty—are written to this formula. Novels written thus seem extraordinarily rich and alive, because to the child everything is new, fascinating, and untried; and they seem extraordinarily dream-like and confused, because the child does not understand how society works, or what makes the adults by whom he is surrounded behave in the way they do. Among the older American writers the place of the child is sometimes taken by an idiot or a half-wit; one of Faulkner's central characters is actually an idiot, others are near-morons; and a great many of Hemingway's are represented as dumb, simple guys.

What is the meaning of this particular development? I am sure that it is part of a large and complex change in our ways of thinking and feeling—much too large to discuss offhand. But as far as the novel is concerned it seems to me that until recently one was always very much aware of a conscious intelligence directing the story; sometimes this conscious intelligence appeared in the central character, a fairly clear-headed person who knew pretty well what he was doing; sometimes it appeared in the narrator himself, who explains and comments on the situations. Nowadays, in the English and American novel, there is a desire to escape from this appearance of conscious control, to present impressions, splodges of sound and colour, just as they occur, without explanation and commentary. It is not altogether a matter of period; the Americans have done more of it and done it better than we have; and many writers on both sides of the Atlantic do not do it at all. But I can illustrate what I mean by a comparison between the beginnings of two novels—one written in the old tradition, the other in the new. The first is E. M. Forster's *Passage to India*:

> Except for the Marabar Caves—and they are twenty miles off—the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. Edged rather than washed by the River Ganges, it trails for a couple of miles along the bank, scarcely distinguishable from the rubbish it deposits so freely. There are no bathing-steps on the river front, as the Ganges happens not to be holy here; indeed, there is no river front, and bazaars shut out the wide and shifting panorama of the stream. The streets are mean, the temples ineffective, and though a few fine houses exist they are hidden away in gardens or down alleys whose filth deters all but the invited guest. Chandrapore was never large or beautiful, but two hundred years ago it lay on the road between Upper India, then imperial, and the sea, and the fine houses date from that period. The zest for decoration stopped in the eighteenth century, nor was it ever democratic. There is no painting and scarcely any carving in the bazaars. The very wood seems made of mud, the inhabitants of mud moving. So abased, so monotonous is everything that meets the eye, that when the Ganges comes down it might be expected to wash the excrescence back into the soil. Houses do fall, people are drowned and left rotting, but the general outline of the town persists, swelling here, shrinking there, like some low but indestructible form of life.

We start with a description of the setting, and its keynote is clear, cool observation and understanding. The author knows about the history of the town, something about the history of India. He probably knows more about these things than any of the inhabitants of Chandrapore itself. He can compare it with other places, its past with its present, can know it without being part of it: you can see his intelligence at work on a complex whole external to himself.

Now for our second piece. It is the opening of Carson McCullers' brilliant short novel *The Member of the Wedding*:

> It happened that green and crazy summer when Frankie was twelve years old. This was the summer when for a long time she had not been a member. She belonged to no club and was a member of nothing in the world. Frankie had become an unjoined person who hung around in doorways, and she was afraid. In June the trees were bright dizzy green, but later the leaves darkened, and the town turned black and shrunken under the glare of the sun. At first Frankie walked around doing one thing and another. The sidewalks of the town were gray in the early morning and at night, but the noon sun put a glaze on them, so that the cement burned and glittered like glass. The sidewalks finally became too hot for Frankie's feet, and also she got herself in trouble. She was in so much secret trouble that she thought it was better to stay at home—and at home there was only Berenice Sadie Brown and John Henry West. The three of them sat at the kitchen table, saying the same things over and over, so that by August the words began to rhyme with each other and sound strange. The world seemed to die each afternoon and nothing moved any longer. At last the summer was like a green sick dream, or like a silent crazy jungle under glass. And then, on the last Friday of August, all this was changed: it was so sudden that Frankie puzzled the whole blank afternoon, and still she did not understand.

There is no comprehensive description of the setting here: in fact, the story happens in a small town in the southern United States during the war, and both the place and the time have their importance. But there is no conscious intelligence obviously in command here, telling you about the history and the geography. We are right inside Frankie's mind, and Frankie's mind is in a state of considerable bewilderment. The words 'crazy' and 'dizzy' are prominent; the crazy summer is like a dream; Frankie is always puzzled and still she does not understand. There are a number of puzzled people in Mr. Forster's book, too; but you do not feel at the end that the keynote of the book is puzzle; on the contrary, the keynote of the book is understanding, and there are two people put into it especially to show that understanding, Mrs. Moore and the schoolmaster Fielding. In Carson McCullers' book no one understands, and if things come out all right at the end it is not because anyone has seen their way through them, but only because things sometimes do come out all right if they are left to themselves: bewildered little girls do grow up, and even if difficulties are never properly understood, they do sometimes disappear.

A Loss of Authority

There is my contrast, and maybe I am making too much of it. But I want to emphasise it because it leads back to the question with which this series of talks began. Why does the novel seem to be losing some of the authority that it possessed in the great days of the nineteenth century? We have one possible answer in our hands, and that is that it does not want that kind of authority any more. The big novels of the nineteenth century—and for my purposes the nineteenth century goes on through the work of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells—were written by people who felt that they understood how society worked, what the real forces were in the world around them, what made it all 'tick'. Today novels are mostly written by people without that happy confidence. It is not the novelists' fault; no doubt it has more to do with the state of the world than it has to do with the state of literature. Until 1914 it seemed to most people that the difficult questions with which human life is always surrounded could, at any rate in principle, be answered. There were sensible answers to be found, perhaps not far away, if you only went the right way about looking for them. Now, unfortunately, most people feel that they are surrounded by questions to which there are no possible answers. There either are no answers at

(*continued on page 200*)

NEWS DIARY

January 26–February 1

Wednesday, January 26

Sir Anthony Eden makes statement in Commons about the British Government's attitude to the question of Formosa

The British and French Governments reply to the Soviet Notes threatening to cancel the treaty of alliance if the Paris agreements are ratified

A ship alleged to be smuggling explosives is intercepted by a British destroyer off Cyprus

Thursday, January 27

The U.S. Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committee report on plans for the defence of Formosa. The Australian and New Zealand Prime Ministers on their arrival in London speak of the need for caution in handling the situation in the Far East

The Bank Rate is increased from 3 to 3½ per cent.

Friday, January 28

A meeting of the U.N. Security Council is called at the request of New Zealand to consider the situation in the Straits of Formosa

H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh accept an invitation to pay a State visit to Norway

The British Ambassador in Moscow calls on Mr. Molotov to inform him of British views on the Far East

Saturday, January 29

President Eisenhower signs resolution passed by U.S. Congress authorising him to use American forces, if necessary, to protect Formosa and the Pescadores

U.S. Atomic Energy Commission reports significant progress in the past six months

Mr. Hans Hedtoft, Prime Minister of Denmark, dies at the age of fifty-one

Sunday, January 30

The American Naval Commander in the Pacific visits Formosa and sees General Chiang Kai-shek

A conference of Arab leaders in Cairo decides to send a delegation to Baghdad about the proposed treaty between Iraq and Turkey

Monday, January 31

The Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers opens in London with discussion on international situation

Princess Margaret leaves by air for her tour of the West Indies

French Government is defeated on a credit vote in National Assembly

Tuesday, February 1

Security Council invites Chinese Communist representative to attend meeting on Formosa. Air and artillery attacks continue against the Tachen Islands

H.R.H. Princess Margaret waving goodbye to her family as she left London Airport in the airliner *Canopus* on January 31 for her tour of the West Indies

President Eisenhower signing la[w] which gives him authority to [...] Formosa and the Pescadores in [...] their attacks. On the President'[s] the Senate Foreign Relations [...] Dulles, [...]

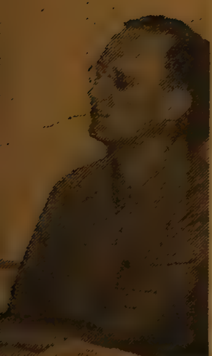
The first Mau Mau terrorist in Kenya t[...] new terms, handing in one of the 'safe-c[...] by British aircraft over terrorist districts) [...] last we[ek]

A demonstration last week of the Royal Navy's new helicopter rescue apparatus: an 'injured airman' being scooped out of the water by a net which is hauled into the cabin of the helicopter

Right: a Swiss competitor taking a hairpin bend during the international sleigh riding championships at Davos early last week

e joint Congressional resolution
tates forces for the defence of
Chinese Communists extending
or Walter George, Chairman of
d, centre (behind), Mr. Foster
of State

The statesmen attending the Commonwealth conference which opened at 10 Downing Street on January 31. In front row, left to right, Mr. S. J. Holland (New Zealand); Mr. L. St. Laurent (Canada); Sir Winston Churchill; Mr. R. G. Menzies (Australia); Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru (India). Back row, left to right, Mr. C. R. Swart (Minister of Justice, Union of South Africa); Mr. Mohammed Ali (Pakistan); Sir John Kotelawala (Ceylon); Sir Godfrey Huggins (Central Africa Federation). Yesterday the Ministers were the guests of the Queen at a dinner at Buckingham Palace



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(which were dropped
eld intelligence officer

'Mother and Child' (concrete) by V. A. Kofi of the Gold Coast, photographed in an exhibition of work by students of the Royal College of Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

A scene from Michael Tippett's new opera 'The Midsummer Marriage' which was performed for the first time on January 27 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Edith Coates is seen singing in the part of the Priestess of the temple. Behind her, at the top of the steps, is Michael Langdon as the Priest. The lovers, Mark and Jenifer, are played by Richard Lewis (left, facing the Priestess) and Joan Sutherland (in white robe). The sets and costumes were designed by Barbara Hepworth, and the conductor was John Pritchard

(*continued from page 197*)

all, or every available one seems wrong. Here are two examples, the first ones that come to hand. I read the other morning a long letter in *The Times* from Sir Charles Darwin explaining extremely cogently that world resources of certain primary products are rapidly dwindling, and that there are no substitutes which will do the job adequately. To the ordinary man it may well seem that there is no answer to that one. On the other hand there is the whole business of the resettlement of Europe, rearmament of Germany, and so forth; and to that there are plenty of answers, but all of them seem open to some fatal objection—all of them, in fact, seem wrong. And these things affect all of us.

The Material Background

You may say that the novel is not concerned with matters of this kind—and it is true up to a point, as a rule it is not. But, all the same, the novel is extremely sensitive to things of this kind. In an age when the questions seem answerable the novelist will approach his own particular bit of the social scene with a certain confidence. He will feel that he understands how people are related to each other and to their surroundings—as Arnold Bennett feels he knows how the Five Towns affect character, and how certain characters in their turn react on the Five Towns. Since the novelist seems to know how things work he will not be afraid of putting in a good deal of the physical, material background. (I am always impressed, for instance, with the knowledge of business deals and small-town politics in the novels of George Eliot).

But in an age when confidence has been lost, the novelist is apt to grow fastidious; he begins to fight shy of these material, social, and political forces that he no longer feels he understands. He probably begins to narrow his social range; and he begins to deal only with spivs or only with ladies who spend the day arranging the flowers. His background, instead of being solid, becomes more sketchy and impressionistic. Think of Mr. Graham Greene, who seems so extraordinarily knowledgeable about all kinds of different environments—Mexico, West Africa, London, Brighton: but on second thoughts you will find that these brilliantly painted localities are really stage sets—that they have no real depth—everything put on with a few scratches of paint and a few stock properties. Brighton consists of a pier, a pub, and a *café*; the West African colony of a waterfront, a port, and a club, and it has about eight inhabitants, mostly white. Since the novelist no longer knows where the social stream is flowing he concentrates on the ripples on the surface. And inevitably the common reader, though he may go on reading novels and go on being fascinated by them, in the end pays less attention to them because they include less of human life.

Not that the novelists have been sad and defeatist about this. On the contrary; some of them have been superior and defiant about it—notably D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. There is a famous essay by Virginia Woolf called *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown*, written in 1924. Mr. Bennett is Arnold Bennett, and Mrs. Brown is an imaginary little old lady one might meet in the corner of a railway carriage. Virginia Woolf asks: How would Mr. Bennett proceed to deal with Mrs. Brown? And she answers:

> Mr. Bennett, alone of the Edwardians, would keep his eyes in the carriage. He, indeed, would observe every detail with immense care. He would notice the advertisements, the pictures of Swanage and Portsmouth; the way in which the cushion bulged between the buttons; how Mrs. Brown wore a brooch that had cost three-and-ten-three at Whitworth's bazaar; and had mended both gloves; indeed the thumb of the left-hand glove had been replaced. . . . And so he would gradually sidle sedately towards Mrs. Brown and would remark how she had been left a little copyhold, not freehold, property at Datchet, which, however, was mortgaged to Mr. Bungay the solicitor. . . .

And so on. Virginia Woolf then proceeds to rate Arnold Bennett soundly for spending so much of his time on the material setting of Mrs. Brown's life, her house, her clothes, her property, that he never gets to Mrs. Brown herself. She claims, in effect, that she and her contemporaries are giving us the pure essence of Mrs. Brown, separated out from all the clutter of streets, houses, factories, and shops which Arnold Bennett and others had piled on top of her. I cannot accept this claim. This is a brilliant and delightful essay, and there were good reasons for saying all these things in 1924. But Mrs. Brown is not a pure spirit—only angels are that; she does in fact live in the middle of a clutter of streets, houses, factories, and shops, and they have contributed largely to making her what she is. If you give up the attempt to present them, and their effect on Mrs. Brown, you give up your hold on a large slice of reality. And that, I suspect, is what the English novel has been doing for the past thirty years; gaining greatly in one kind of sensitiveness and perception, but losing in power of dealing with the solid actualities of existence.

Instead there has been a growing feeling among writers and critics (not readers) of novels that the novel is a particularly ingenious and beautiful box of tricks, full of new and interesting devices, which we are to enjoy for their own sakes. Writers begin to care more for the skill with which their picture is painted than for what it represents. Since I have mentioned painting we may as well notice that something of the same kind has been going on there. Think of all the abstract and semi-abstract paintings, and the still lifes with their endless variation on the same old guitar, newspaper, apples, and fish on plate. One cannot imagine that painters are really excited about these subjects any more; they are only excited about the pattern they can make out of them, or the new and interesting ways they can find of chopping them up. This may be perfectly right, and anyway it is no use quarrelling with what painters want to do because they will very properly go on doing what they like; but it has meant that serious painting is more incomprehensible and less interesting to the ordinary man than it has ever been before.

The same sort of thing is true of the novel. Once it begins to be more interested in its own technique, in its skill at representing certain subtle and specialised effects, than in presenting a broad picture of normal human experience, it is bound to lose a great deal of its popular authority. If this tendency goes on, it does not mean that the novel is dying, but it does mean that it is developing into something very different from the great popular fiction of the past. Virginia Woolf's own novels are beautifully written—by an extremely sensitive and intelligent person and for the most part about extremely sensitive and intelligent persons, and feelings and impressions matter more than events and things. The effect is to dissolve life into a lovely shimmering mist, and if the novel went on that way it would become more like poetry than like the solid chronicling which made the great successes of the nineteenth century. I do not know that I personally should mind (my appetite for beef and plum pudding is not so great as that of our grandfathers) but I should certainly agree that something had been lost.

There has also been a narrowing of the social range of the novel. Henry James, the great late Victorian who stands behind so much modern fiction, is happy only with rich Anglo-American society; Virginia Woolf's characters are nearly all upper-class, and if they are not they are regarded as quaint and she becomes slightly patronising about them; and to take, almost at random, two more solid and masculine writers, Somerset Maugham and Graham Greene—they both tend to deal with wandering or unsettled or uprooted characters; and whatever excellent things we get from their books, we do not get a sense of the normal texture of ordinary social life. A short time ago I was anxious to give an American friend a novel which would give some fairly reliable picture of life in post-war England; and I could not think of one that I could really recommend. Many give a particular flavour, very authentically; but it is usually one particular flavour, not the whole curious blend which is the real texture of our daily lives. For example, both Nigel Balchin and C. P. Snow have given extremely living and faithful pictures of particular departments of contemporary life; but they are both excessively preoccupied with administrative machinery, organisations, and institutions; and although these things are growing on us all the time, what one might call the temporary-civil-servant complex is not quite such a powerful force as these writers make it out to be.

Too Many Tea Parties?

On the other hand, the French complain, as we were informed in a recent talk on the Third Programme*, that our English novels are much too full of tea parties, too idyllic. What all this means is that range and depth of human understanding have been lost. Novelists have tended to content themselves with a narrow segment of the social scene, or else to occupy themselves with some private game of their own, hardly attempting to represent anything at all. It would be useless to look among recent novels for anything that attempts the broad social panorama, the living picture of an entire world, that you get in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

It would be equally useless to complain about it. Writers write as they can and as they must; and readers may read them or not as they like; but it is not the slightest use for readers to grouse at them for not doing something different. In the end, however, the reader, representing ordinary human normality, does begin to make his deepest

* 'Political Preoccupations in French Literature' by Olivier Todd: printed in THE LISTENER of January 6

lemands felt. If our novels do not at the moment do much to deal eriously and comprehensively with the society of today, it is probably ecause we ourselves, all of us, are not doing much to deal with it. If iovels have little to say about the forces that really direct the modern vorld, it is probably because we are all rather apathetic and uncertain bout them. We seem to have reached an uneasy lull in politics and ocial life; we are just jogging along, and the novel is just jogging along oo. At any time this may change. It certainly is not so in France, vhere the novel is madly political and determined to present actualities f the time as nakedly and powerfully as possible.

This political obsession means that the French novel, too, misses out a good deal; but at least it directs its energies to some of the central movements of the age. Perhaps it is time something of the same sort happened to us, though it need not take this specifically political form. Suppose a novelist of Joyce Cary's solidity and range of understanding were to direct his energies to the real situation of the Englishman in the mid-twentieth century, some of the real problems that beset him, in common with the rest of humanity; what he is to make of life on this island, now that most of his power, most of his money, and most of his illusions are gone—do you not think that people would begin reading the novel again, with a new energy and a new excitement? I do.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Morals without Religion

Sir,—Mrs. Knight makes her assertions in so unscientific and illogical a manner that it is difficult to deal with them. For instance, she says, querulously, that parents are told that sound character-training must be based on religion and that the increase of juvenile delinquency after the war was due to lack of religious training in the home. So the Education Act of 1944 provided for compulsory religious instruction in state schools and, in consequence, parents have decided to give their children some acquaintance with religion. I do not know how an act passed in 1944 can have been designed to meet a situation which arose later.

Mrs. Knight denies that religion is essential to sound character-training but gives no coherent account of what she considers an adequate alternative system, except for one or two scraps of advice on how to bring up a child. We are for instance warned that on no account must we tell a boy it is wicked to stone cats or pull the wings off flies. We must only tell him 'to control his aggressive impulses'. Another gem. It is not wrong or anti-social to put a child's toys away if she has friends coming who would be likely to break them. The most important item in moral (scientifically humanistic) education is, 'to encourage the social impulses'. But to teach children to go to bed quietly when told; to leave other people's property alone; to be punctual and not to disturb busy people has, according to Mrs. Knight, nothing to do with moral education. Nor must a child ever 'get the impression that his parent's love is in any way conditional' on its behaviour. "I'm ashamed of you" should never be said to a child'. If a boy steals his brother's sweets we must '*condemn the act but not the child himself*'. Mrs. Knight puts these last eight words in italics, so important does she believe their implication to be. To separate the act from its perpetrator seems a new principle in jurisprudence. How, as a magistrate, do I fine the offence while releasing the defendant?

There are some questions one would like Mrs. Knight to answer. To what does she ascribe the increase in juvenile delinquency which she admits? Does she reject any connection between this and lack of religious training at home? Does she consider the religious instruction ordered by the Act of 1944 an adequate substitute for home religious training? If she considers her 'scientific-humanism' a superior moral training to that afforded by religious teaching would she advocate substituting it in the 1944 Act? What percentage of parents does she consider capable of training their children in the tenets of 'scientific-humanism'?

Mrs. Knight wants to make some practical suggestions to parents who are unbelievers on what they should tell children about God. I gather that she accepts as a definition of religion, 'recognition of some higher, unseen power having control of [man's] destiny and entitled to obedience, awe and reverence'. As she repudiates the idea of God may one ask her of whom or what we should stand in awe, render obedience and revere? Are we for God to substitute an abstraction in the shape of 'scientific humanism'? If we do will it ever inspire the awe and reverence which alone can produce a Parthenon or a Chartres? But the more we think about the abolition of God, which Mrs. Knight may not know is not a new but a very old idea, the more perplexing it becomes. When the child at its mother's knee asks the extremely unlikely question, 'Why shouldn't I be completely selfish?', Mrs. Knight wishes mother to avoid mention of God and reply, 'Because we are naturally social beings; we live in communities; and life in any community, from the family outwards, is much happier, and fuller and richer if the members are friendly and co-operative than if they are hostile and resentful'. Is the child expected to reply, 'Thank you, dear mother, for putting it so clearly. Now I understand and I will never be selfish again or steal my little brother's sweets'. My own view is that a child is extremely unlikely to ask such a question but very likely to enquire who made the world and all that therein is. Perhaps Mrs. Knight will let us know the scientific-humanistic answer to that one.

The two talks bristle with old fallacies and would-be 'posers'. The principle of evil is confused with the idea of a personal Devil. The whole idea that this world is a place of testing and trying of human character is begged by asking, 'If God is omnipotent and wishes us to be happy why does he allow sin and suffering to exist?' The answer is that in such case there would be no reason for this world's existence and human virtue would have no existence. Mrs. Knight takes one of the hoariest of the 'posers' out of the cupboard when asking why if we look forward to a life of eternal happiness do we worry about dying? I think the answer is that we take death fairly philosophically for ourselves, our worry and our sorrow are for our dear ones, because whatever may be the state of eternal bliss it is something we cannot conceive of, but human companionship, which God has given us, is a beautiful thing and to lose it is a grief, however deep our faith.

And, in conclusion, Mrs. Knight has not made clear to me what is the relationship between scientific-humanism and conscience. To my mind conscience is one of the strongest proofs of the existence of God. Abolish God and man becomes answerable only to man-made laws. These may enforce obedience but cannot compel awe or reverence in the sense that the religious understand them. Mrs. Knight appears to be prepared to accept nothing except the bare fact of her own existence and to make that existence more comfortable for herself she enters her plea for encouraging the 'social impulses'. There is more to life than that.—Yours, etc.,

House of Lords WINSTER

Sir,—The argument put forward by Mr. R. Kennard Davis for bringing up children in any particular faith is surely based on unsound reasoning? Mr. Kennard Davis argues that it is expedient to bring children up as Christians because this will be more effective in making them behave well in after life than if they are brought up as humanists.

Either the Christian belief is right, or it is wrong. Is it not the duty of the truth-loving man to decide for himself which is the case from the evidence before him, or within him? —not to decide to believe that which he thinks that it is expedient for people to believe?

To tell one's children that a certain thing is true because one believes not that it is true but that it would be good for the children to believe that it is true is surely highly immoral. Or is truth not as important as I think it is?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.6 JOHN SEYMOUR

Sir,—Although Mrs. Knight in her second talk does reluctantly allow that fairy tales, myths, and religions may have some small aesthetic value, she most certainly shows herself unaware of the potential power of the poetic faculty to seek and find truth—so far as truth can be found by always fallible and imperfect men. The great virtue of the Christian Gospels, and of fairy stories and of pagan myths is that in them, and through them, men have found expression for imaginations, inspirations, and intuitions. In so far as any religion has these qualities it attains to a greater and more enduring truth, than any captured, in some transitory phase of evolution, by the rational faculty.

The Christian Gospels find their abiding value not in arid dogmatism (which when present tends to detract from their significance), but in the presentation of a pattern of life, woven from poetic vision, including strands which lead through imaginations, inspirations, and intuitions out from the temporal world to the inner realities of the Kingdom of Heaven.

That we should in this already too-arid age set before our children a system of education which would exclude the development of the highest human faculties has provoked a good deal of indignation from critics of Mrs. Knight's talks. Yet this indignation may be misplaced; and would not so easily have been called forth had the Churches been alertly aware of the poetic element in religion which alone is capable

of seeking the truth. The attack has fallen, in many cases, against a lifeless dogmatism, as brittle and indeed perhaps as blind as her own rationalism. That we should repudiate her blindness to the inner light is only right; but, when a blind person assures us that there is no sun in the heavens, need we be so much put out?

Yours, etc.,

Northam E. L. GRANT WATSON

Sir,—Mr. Duckworth's attempted resolution of St. Augustine's dilemma is fantastic. 'God is all-good', he says, 'in that He will never trespass upon human freedom of choice'.

What sort of a father is it—let alone a Father—who is unwilling to take steps to restrain his offspring when their acts constitute a danger either to themselves or to others?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.14 J. D. SOLOMON

Sir,—'Either God cannot prevent evil or He will not. If He cannot He is not all powerful, if He will not He is not all good'. Mrs. Margaret Knight thinks there is no answer to this dilemma, Mr. Duckworth thinks he can provide one. There would appear to be another approach to this dilemma.

A God able to create this unimaginably wonderful universe of which we are, as yet, only just beginning to be aware must be at least as intellectually superior to man as man is superior, intellectually, to the microscopic organisms in his blood stream. God must remain incomprehensible.

Is it not arrogant presumption for us to think that we can define what is or is not evil? Would it not be wiser for us to learn to say, with sincere humility, 'Thy will be done'.

Yours, etc.,

Canterbury H. LEE

Sir,—In her talks, Mrs. Knight unfortunately omitted to broach the question of moral autonomy, which seems to me of the utmost importance in the context of the problems discussed by her.

From inquiries conducted on the Continent into the behaviour of children playing street games, it emerges that the rules of the games, either the old-established ones or newly agreed ones, are followed by different children of different age groups in a different way and from different motives. In the age group from six to eight, the children have not yet fully grasped the object of the game; in the age group from eight to twelve the children strictly follow the rules, like the law given by a higher authority. It is only in the third group, which generally begins at twelve years of age, that the whole set of rules is fully understood by the children as being a creation of mutual agreements which can be modified by mutual consent, if the children wish to do so. Whenever a new rule is suggested, the players discuss their correctness, that is to say their suitability for a clear and just game. When being asked what are the criteria for correctness or incorrectness of a newly suggested rule, they invariably reply: It [the game] must be played in a manner that every player gets fair play. This answer clearly shows that the children, without being influenced by grown-ups, have consciously accepted the principle of mutuality as a rule of conduct for their behaviour.

This behaviour is of immense significance because at the very moment when the child decides to alter the rules it ceases to believe in their everlasting perpetuity and their origin. In other words, the children, by themselves, have discovered one of the basic principles of a democracy. This behaviour is analogous to that of grown-ups in ordinary life, where customs are generally being refined when they are influenced by an ideal that is above the customs, because it evolves by itself from the practice of co-operation.

In conjunction with these inquiries, a series of tests was carried out in which children were asked for the permissibility or punishability of certain actions. The results of these tests fully corroborated the findings of the inquiries, viz., that children attain, quite by themselves, a moral consciousness and a sense of justice long before the date when general practice and the law grants them moral autonomy.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.9 BRUNO KINDERMANN

How To Make a Captain of Industry

Sir,—I have just seen in THE LISTENER of January 13 that in his broadcast 'How to Make a Captain of Industry' Mr. Bosworth Monck said there 'should be more technical men as captains of industry because good technical men are often ambitious about ideas. It is an astonishing fact that technical men are outnumbered in board-rooms, even of the engineering industry, and are outnumbered by no less than five to one . . .'

In the world of scientific research I have heard eminent 'technical men' lament the extent to which their own success in what Mr. Monck calls 'struggle towards top positions' has withdrawn them from their true field. In such a lamentation upon his own account one, who was himself in charge of an important research-station, remarked that an eminent colleague had deplored lately to him the fact that 'it is twenty years since I looked down a microscope'.

Another consideration, that might give Mr. Monck some pause, is the very obvious tendency of technical men, who are 'ambitious about ideas', to be at extreme variance with their professional brethren. Mr. Monck seems to visualise board-rooms as places where things are decided by counting noses, but this is no more true of a good board than of a team of footballers or cricketers. The purpose of the members is to contribute to a common effort. When opinions differ, the titular chief will generally propose that a certain course shall be followed. If his colleagues do not accept his guidance, as cricketers accept captaincy and umpiring, an able chief will either withdraw from the board or, if he can, will change sufficiently his colleagues.

If you want to play the part of a general manager, you must specialise in being general, just as much as, if you want to be a first-rate expert in some speciality, you must pay the price of acquiring and maintaining that other expertise.

For my own part, I believe that Mr. Monck is perfectly right in suggesting, as I understand him to be doing, both that the captaincy of industry should be to a greater extent a matter of team-work and that the material rewards of success in specialisation should not be importantly inferior to the rewards of the attainment of captaincy. Moreover, that equality or near-equality of reward should be not in spending power alone but in prestige, sense of security, and all the other aims of the ambitious.

No doubt in many cases this state of affairs does in fact arise to a very fair extent, but I suspect that Mr. Monck is perfectly right in suggesting that it could and should happen much oftener. On the other hand, though high reward of every kind to 'technical men' should be much commoner in order that a greater number of our better brains shall be drawn into their ranks, it does not follow that the only way or the proper way to achieve this is to ask technical men to play the part of captains of industry. The 'technical men' should remember that all real qualifications for membership of boards are in their different ways technical. All the leading members of an efficient organisation are stones in an arch.

Mr. Monck's separate point, that 'other people's' efficiency in world trade and engineering products is 'going up even faster than ours', plainly requires close and constant attention but, at the risk of wasting your space on obvious platitude, may I suggest to him that he can reasonably take some comfort from the thought that, since in the chances of things we had so long a start, it is quite inevitable that, when other people exert themselves in the same direction, our lead will diminish gradually and, so far as their natural abilities are not importantly inferior, we shall eventually find ourselves more or less in line with them. There is, of course, great danger in heedless complacency, but it can be likewise a grave mistake to be over-anxious and to worry too much.

Perhaps I ought to add that Mr. Monck's views upon the way in which 'our present captains of industry [should] seek their successors' happen to be of rather special interest to me because I am hoping myself to hand over this year unconditionally and irrevocably to a successor the captaincy of the John Lewis Partnership, with its present pay-sheet of over £4,000,000 a year and its prospect of rapid growth. In that particular organisation, so long as the results of each successive captaincy are above a certain level, the holder can appoint his own successor. In the contrary case the vacancy is at the disposal of trustees chosen by a Council of over 100 members, of whom not more than one-third are leading officers of the Partnership, while not fewer than two-thirds are elected by secret ballot of all of the other members, of whom there are at present about 12,000.

Yours, etc.,

Jamaica J. SPEDAN LEWIS

The State of Civilisation in France

Sir,—In her talk on 'German Influence on Modern French Thought' (THE LISTENER, January 13) Miss Kathleen Nott shows herself ignorant or misinformed about German existentialism. It is surprising that her sympathy for empiricism and reverence for facts should not have led her to check the evidence on which her case rests. In a letter I can deal only briefly with some of her misrepresentations.

(1) The philosophies of the two important German existentialists, Jaspers and Heidegger, do not represent a revolt of life against intelligence, but a revolt against a rationalism which takes no account of man's emotional life. By and large, they would agree to Miss Nott's own conception of 'life'. To refute the charge of anti-intellectualism I offer one quotation from Jaspers' extensive work, *On Truth*:

> It is the characteristic of our philosophic nature to move within reason and to make infinitely effective the comprehensiveness of reason.

(2) Neither Jaspers nor Heidegger 'glorified life at the expense of love and humane and personal relations', nor does their conception of the ego lead to 'the mass mind, the evil collectivity which, in the end, overflows and destroys civilised values, the real and the sane relations of people with people'. Here are two quotations. Heidegger writes in *Time and Being*:

> Resolve does not separate the real self, existence from its world, does not isolate it into a free floating ego . . . it pushes it into solicitous co-existence with others.

And Jaspers writes:

> All is summarised in the love of the living for the living, of person for person, of spirit for spirit, of a self for a self. Only in the being together of human beings is love unfolded.

(3) Some of the elements of Sartre's philosophy which Miss Nott particularly notes, such as his conceptions of nausea and love, and which she characterises as neurotic, are specific to Sartre and are not to be found in his German masters. The notion of anguish goes back to the

Dane, Kierkegaard. Only the conception of 'nothingness' is taken from Heidegger. Thus much of Miss Nott's case falls to the ground.

I do not deny the fact that Sartre and other modern French thinkers, as well as their readers, found German existentialism congenial and were profoundly influenced by it. But to interpret this as 'curious ambivalent love' due to 'repeated rape' is surely a curiously nebulous theory for an empiricist to offer. May these affinities not be simply due to the similarities of the psychological situation of Germany after the defeat of 1918, when Heidegger wrote his main work, and France under the occupation, when Sartre developed his philosophy? Defeat, the national humiliation and confusion of purpose, may then account for some of the accents on anguish and despair.—Yours, etc.,

York H. P. RICKMAN

Swedish State Railways

Sir,—In his admirable survey of Swedish State Railways (printed in THE LISTENER of January 27) presumably time prevented Mr. Martin mentioning the following significant causes of financial stability:

(1) Express trains are never less than crowded.

(2) Every encouragement is given to advance booking of seats on long-distance and express trains, thereby making sure only enough coaches to satisfy demand are run. Seat tickets can be bought at any station on the system for any other station, at a nominal charge.

(3) A small surcharge is made for travel by express train. The 'express' ticket is bought with the ordinary passenger ticket.

(4) The number of second-class carriage seats (there is no first class) is strictly related to the sale of tickets.

(5) Express trains are not run at very great speeds. This sane attitude saves track and rolling stock undue wear such as that produced by the policy of knocking minutes off a journey by high speeds, for purposes of prestige.

(6) All but the smallest hand luggage is registered through from station to station and carried in the guard's van. Charge is per item and according to weight. This prevents passenger accommodation being made uncomfortable by excess baggage and reduces need for porters.

(7) Tickets are printed at the time of purchase on a machine similar to that in London underground railway stations.

(8) Strong interest in the comfort of employees pays high dividends. As the son-in-law of a retired Swedish main-line express-train driver I can vouch for this personally.

Yours, etc.,

Watford F. PAUL THOMSON

Early Churches in South-East Turkey

Sir,—It was a splendid idea of Mr. Michael Gough to visit the early Christian monuments of Cilicia and to bring home photographs hitherto unknown. Unfortunately—in his talk (THE LISTENER, January 20)—he approaches the subject purely from the point of view of classical archaeology and does not consider the last twenty-five years of research of Palestine-Syrian archaeology. He still believes in two strong camps for and against Strzygowski's *Orient oder Rom*, a work the principal claim of which has not been challenged by any authority for the last twenty years.

As H. Th. Bossert in his recent volume *Alt Syrien* did, Mr. Gough should have incorporated the relics of early Christian time in Cilicia in the art forms of 'Old Syria', since there are no native Christian monuments of art in Anatolia.

Mr. Gough dreams of a Christian art of Cilicia, grafted on to pagan art and architecture; this is far from correct because Christian art evolved from old Jewish traditions. He is quite unaware of it, even when he describes the 'three-aisled basilica' in terms which Carl Watzinger uses for the architectural features of the 'Antike Synagogen in Galilaea': the '*bema*' (the raised platform from which the lesson of the week was recited), *i.e.*, a Greek word synonymous with the Hebrew word '*almemar*' (Arab. *Alminbar*), and the 'wooden gallery' the place where 'women were often confined'—are features typical of the synagogue only. Worse even, when Mr. Gough talks of the Christian decorative motifs of Cilicia which he said were 'taken over, lock, stock and barrel, from pagan predecessors . . . given a twist and a new significance that suited them to Christianity': He should read Goodenough on *Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period*, where these symbols of Judaism in Palestine are shown to have been used centuries earlier than in Cilicia. Alahan's 'trailing vines with grape clusters' where 'little birds are shown perching on tendrils' are summarised by art historians for the last thirty years as the early Christian 'inhabited scroll' derived from prophetic symbolism and nature—never from paganism.

I recommend Mr. Gough to read—or to re-read—Sukenik's and Crowsfoot's Schweich Lectures and to give another talk, reconsidered, unless paganism means something else to him than to others.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford HEINZ EDGAR KIEWE

'Berlioz: New Letters'

Sir,—Professor Barzum has completely missed the point of my criticism of his use of current American colloquialisms in translating Berlioz. 'Colloquialisms now current in the British Isles' would be equally objectionable. He is right in trying to render colloquialism with colloquialism. That is often a difficult matter in another language, but a translator can at least avoid colloquialisms belonging markedly to a different century, a different environment. If Professor Barzun had taken the trouble to find equivalent colloquialisms that might have been used by a cultured New Yorker ninety or a hundred years ago, I should have made no objection. I may be doing him injustice, of course; 'go it alone' may have taken a hundred years to cross the Atlantic, but I doubt it. To my ears it has the ring of the nineteen-fifties, and in the context of Berlioz's letters it sticks out (as Berlioz would not have said) like a sore thumb.—Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

Sir,—The translator defends his 'curate' for '*curé*' by appeal to the *Oxford Dictionary*. He does not say that it gives no quotation for this sense later than Defoe, except from the *Medical Journal* of 1801. In 1855 Macaulay thought it necessary to explain a special sense the word had had in Scotland.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford R. W. CHAPMAN

'The Wilder Shores of Love'

Sir,—With reference to Mr. H. G. Rawlinson's letter in THE LISTENER of December 2, I can assure him that however the reviewer interpreted —I will not say misinterpreted—my book, there was never any question of my having attributed the famous pun *Peccavi*—'I have Sind'—to Lord Ellenborough.—Yours, etc.,

New York City LESLEY BLANCH GARY

Cake Making for Beginners

Sir,—I disagree most emphatically with Mrs. Ann Hardy's statement that margarine makes delicious cakes. It did during the war and until the end of rationing, but not since. If the manufacturers imagine they have improved the quality of their product, I fear they are sadly mistaken. Both the flavour and keeping quality of the cakes have deteriorated badly. The higher the price of the margarine, the worse the flavour. At least two other housewives agree with this opinion, and have reluctantly gone over to butter.—Yours, etc.,

Farnborough R. E. W. SHIPP

British Banking System

Sir,—I am gathering material for a work on the actual day-to-day practices of the banking system in this country. As you know, in the last century, Walter Bagehot produced a book on the English constitution dealing with the constitution as it actually worked rather than how it worked in popular opinion. A similar work on the operation of the banking system in this country seems equally desirable.

If any of your readers could supply suitable information, it would be greatly appreciated.

Yours, etc.,

HENRY KOWAL

124, New Bond St., London, W.1

Hitler's Photographer

(*continued from page 192*)

draw a picture of himself, crystal clear for anyone who has eyes to look and ears to listen. He possesses that imponderable something, which causes people to turn and stare when he enters a room, and, having stared, to smile as at a pleasant experience. He is a typical bohemian, grandiloquent in phrase and gesture, generous, unpractical, not always strictly accurate, in many ways a child, but still a shrewd judge of men. He loves beauty and he hates squalor and ugliness; good comradeship, good cheer, wit, and laughter are the breath of life to him; he cannot abide a hypocrite or a toady, and whatever else might be said of him he is steadfast in his loyalties.

He saw his friend, Hitler, for the last time on April 6, 1945, when Hitler begged him to try to persuade Eva Braun to leave Berlin and go to Munich. Eva refused, and Hoffmann departed alone, promising to return to Berlin for Hitler's birthday on April 20. But by that date, of course, there was no more communication between north and south.

Not a few of his fellow countrymen, like the Levite of old, cross the street and look away at Heinrich Hoffmann's approach—and suffer the retort of his blazing scorn for their pains. 'Look ee here', he exclaimed, furiously wrenching open a drawer. 'I've still got 'em. There are all my papers in perfect order. I had plenty of money and I could easily have slipped away to Spain if I'd been so inclined. But—damn it! the fellow had been my dear friend for five and twenty years! Plenty of mean rats scuttled from the sinking ship. But what sort of a skunk should I have been if I'd deserted him then!'

No assessment of Heinrich Hoffmann would be complete without a reference to the wife who so greatly influenced his life. The self-sacrifice with which she denied herself, in order to get him food, something to smoke, and the other little material comforts which, as I myself know so well, make such a difference in prison; the tigerish courage she displayed in fighting his case in the Court of Appeal; and the maternal, protective affection with which she now watches over this wayward, at times rather difficult, but very attractive old gentleman—all this commands respect and is responsible in no small measure for his present contentment, facing the future with serene and equitable humour, happy, and grateful for the affection and friendship that surround him. Such, then, is Heinrich Hoffmann, friend of Hitler, as I saw him.

—Home Service

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

AT the New Burlington Galleries the Arts Council is providing a sequel to its show at the Tate at which, five years ago, it brought together the great names of modern Italian art. Italy has made vast contributions to the modern scene. One comes to this exhibition with high hopes. The beautiful women, cars, and *cafés* which owe an equal debt to Italy are, one assumes, but side-shoots of a well-founded aesthetic. Surely the 'Italian Style', crisp and swagger, can only be backed up by a generating art? If it is, it has not found its way to England.

The pictures, almost all of them painted since 1950, fall into the four rough categories that could be used for any mixed exhibition, *i.e.*, 'realist', 'thoughtful-abstract', 'emotional-abstract', and 'borderline-abstract' in which the subject is still just discernible. Brancaccio and Carlo Levi are both of the first category. They paint rather aimless compositions of the kind which are in this country associated with art schools, a disastrous way of painting which is possible when the content of the Old Masters is forgotten and only their kudos remains. Brancaccio paints in the yellowish tonality of an aged oil, Levi in the high-pitched cools and warms of the great frescoes. Both go in for sentimental distortions. Levi's is the more vigorous personality; his portrait of Pablo Neruda has strength despite the over-effective dotting of the eyes.

Modern art in Italy, even more than elsewhere, has been iconoclastic, a revolt against a history which was too near, too clearly defined. Nowhere does the past press closer than in Venice, and it is interesting that the two artists here with the most aggressive emotional bias, Santomaso and Vedova are both Venetians. 'From the Cycle of Protest No. 8: The Workshops of the World' is one of Vedova's titles, and it gives the flavour of their large and violent abstracts. And yet, as the 'realists' Brancaccio and Levi show, the attitude to the past is not unambiguous. Basaldella, who won the second prize in the Unknown Political Prisoner contest, has three drawings in white dabbed on to black which resemble enlarged photographs of ancient and time-worn bas-reliefs. He makes a devious return to his fathers *via* the de luxe art history books. The two most integrated and delightful artists here are Sergio Romiti, a Bolognese like his exemplar, Morandi, and Domenico Spinosa, a firm and powerful colourist. Neither strikes historical attitudes.

At Arthur Jeffress, Davies Street, there is an exhibition of *trompe l'oeil* painting, a genre whose beauties, in the words of the catalogue, 'are seldom acknowledged by earnest-minded critics without some form of introductory apologia'. The earnest-minded critic is content that it should remain like this, for *trompe l'oeil* is a monster, an offence against Art and Nature. It so suppresses the terms of art as to trick the onlooker into thinking he is looking at real things. It does not enhance the reality of those things but denigrates them by shanghai-ing their appearances. Juggling with the poles by which art navigates, it is the opposite of realism which cements the relationships between the onlooker and the world. If it pretends that it is 'normal' this is but another of its feints. The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works in this exhibition, their terms accepted, are nostalgic and charming. But, done originally as high-class comical japes, like the objects schoolboys buy ('put one in their food and watch their faces') it is not easy now to see them from this jolly point of view. In the Boucher engraving under broken glass, No. 29, Destructive Desmond has thrown his boot at '*Venus donnant du Nectar à l'Amour*'. Down with women! Down with art! But after all nothing has happened. It is an elegant vista of negations, infinitely prolonged.

'Hawthornden', by J. M. W. Turner, from the eighty-second annual exhibition of water colours at Thomas Agnew's

English art is strong in illustration. It is weak precisely in so far as it confuses the criteria of illustration with those of painting. At the Beaux Arts Gallery, Preston Goddard has no pretensions to be more than an illustrator. His tinted drawings would certainly gain from the discipline of having somebody else's story to tell. At the same gallery Robert Hill has paintings which with their massive impasto and sombre colour would seem to belong at the other end of the chart. In fact they are illustrations *manqué*; they characterise their subjects but are innocent of any kind of formal development. It is hard to tell why they were painted except to be recognised as being of something. Understandably the two heads are far better than the landscapes.

Alistair Grant is a painter who knows exactly what he is about. At his exhibition at Zwemmer's his easy harmonies ordered against a flat and effective skeleton of black lines and patches are the decorative overflow from an illustrator's repertoire. He has looked at Utrillo, Buffet, and Miss Bellingham Smith and taken from each what he needed. His streets and playgrounds, inhabited by the spindle-legged children who seem inseparable from the style, are exactly what enlightened grown-ups think of as a child's world. It is enchanted and self-contained and if eyes are sad, most walls are pink. The nude, No. 27, holds a promise of something more substantial, but the drawing of the hands and the relations between the black pattern and the hair could be more fully developed.

Lionel Brett, who is showing paintings at the Adams Gallery, is well known as an architect. The forms he paints, square straw-bales, tree-trunks, avenues, are drawn with the efficient symbolism of one used to making himself understood. There are no second thoughts; nor about the colour which is filled in without regard for real tonality or for the internal structure of the picture, but simply with an eye for a decorative surface. No doubt to architects pictures tend to be thought of as decorative projects whose forms can later be made and given their own colour. To painters there is a great imaginative necessity in painting a picture, for their work is the final thing. The Turner reproduced on this page, which is from Agnew's, is limited in every dimension. It is a few inches across; its colours are blue and yellow only; its forms are simple curves, endlessly developed; yet it is pictorial architecture on the grand scale.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Egypt's Destiny. By Mohammed Neguib. Gollancz. 18s.

AS FOREWARNED BY KING FAROUK, General Mohammed Neguib did not find it an easy task to govern Egypt. History lends little support to his view that 'unlike the Turks, the Egyptians are not inclined to accept authoritarian rule as a matter of course', and power slipped from his hands because he naively believed in the possibility of a 'mild' dictatorship which should be persuasive rather than coercive. He pertinently refers to the criticism of those who wanted him to be more of a dictator than he was capable of being; yet, in palpable contradiction of his professed intention to restore constitutional government, he recognised that parliamentary democracy in a country with the social structure of Egypt, was a mere sham. Political parties, far from genuinely expressing diverse trends of public opinion, were, as he says, merely the expressions of the political ambitions of their leaders, and 'how free', he asks, 'is an election in which the majority of voters are illiterate peasants who vote the way they are told for fear of reprisals if they do not?'

The portrait which the General draws of himself with a manifest desire for sincerity, represents him as a man of good will and deep Moslem piety, professionally competent above the average, but lacking in the will to power and the ruthless determination which seem to be essential attributes of all successful dictators. He had grown up in the unhealthy atmosphere of political ferment engendered by nationalist reaction to British supremacy in the Nile Valley. While still at his primary school he absorbed the tenets of Egyptian nationalism from the 'forbidden' writings of Mustafa Kemal, and contacts with British tutors at the Gordon College (which incidentally gave him a better education than Egypt provided at that time) as well as service under British officers in the cavalry at Shendi provided him with a store of 'bitter experiences'. Administrative or military service under British masters seemed to offer nothing but frustration. Still a junior officer in 1924, he had his first experience of secret conspiracy by joining the 'White Flag' League, a movement ostensibly Sudanese but in fact organised and controlled by Egyptians, which caused some local trouble in the Sudan. In the army professional zeal and competence gained him rapid promotion, and on the frontier he thoroughly enjoyed patrolling the desert and chasing smugglers engaged in the pernicious drug traffic. He served with distinction in the Palestine war which, as Egyptian patriots believe, was lost through the corrupt practices of a powerful clique headed by King Farouk himself. The chapters on the *coup d'état* and the revolution add little to the accepted version, and references to the fellow-conspirators who put him in power and dropped him when he had served their purpose, are suitably restrained.

Many readers will wish to accept the General's account of himself as sincere expressions of what he believes to be true, but they are unlikely to award him high marks for statesmanship. He never learned to rid himself of his anti-British complex, and the British efforts, between the wars and after the second world war, to satisfy the aspirations of oriental peoples meet with no recognition. He is capable of believing that British agents collaborated with King Farouk in fomenting the riots of Cairo's Black Saturday, and that the British were 'by no means as innocent as they pretended to be' when an anti-Egyptian demonstration of Sudanese tribesmen in Khartoum degenerated into an ugly disturbance with grievous loss of lives. During a brief visit to England in 1939 he found that the English behaved very differently from the way they behaved in Egypt. 'If they had only been as considerate towards Egyptians in Egypt, they would have aroused far less antipathy; but then, too, they would have realised the folly of attempting in the twentieth century to maintain a nineteenth-century imperial relationship with a people who have always resented their unsolicited tutelage'. The reader will ask himself whether the General is really unaware of the patient attempts to settle Anglo-Egyptian relations and the evacuation of the Canal Zone by means of peaceful negotiation.

Though of limited value as a contribution to history the book should not be missed by students of Middle Eastern affairs who will find in it a notable case-history of politics in that uneasy part of the world.

Tibetan Marches. By André Migot Translated by Peter Fleming. Hart-Davis. 18s.

Large areas of Asia are now closed to all but official delegates, who travel in reasonable comfort and with little danger. In the introduction to this book Mr. Fleming likens such people to pet dormice; only let out at the whim of their hosts, they can see little as compared with genuine travellers like Dr. Migot, who was there before the curtains dropped. Would-be dormice who can easily satisfy their appetite for hardship without leaving these shores will welcome the opportunity of vicariously facing the ordeals of outlandish travel which this vivid account provides. Setting out in December 1946 from Hanoi, Dr. Migot travelled via Kunming and Chengtu into the dominantly Tibetan areas of Sikang and Chinghai. Then, after an unsuccessful attempt to get through to Lhasa disguised as a mendicant lama, he turned north for Lake Kokonor and then eastwards to Peking, where he arrived ten months after the start of his journey. Finally he was caught up in the half-hearted hostilities which preceded the capture of Peking and spent an illuminating month as a prisoner of the communists.

The seasoned vicarious traveller will know what to expect on the journey. In China he will become part of a swaying mass of freight and human beings on top of a lorry which breaks down repeatedly, only to be repaired by miraculous improvisation. At night he will huddle on the *k'ang* in a gloomy inn, tormented by insects and the chatter of his fellow-lodgers, except when missionary hospitality affords him a welcome respite. Once he has read his way into Tibetan territory, he will have to face the rigours of the trek across passes almost shoulder high to Everest, along narrow paths overlooking precipices, and across swaying rope bridges, with the familiar taste of butter-tea and *tsampa* and the warmth of the yak-dung fire to comfort him at the end of the stage. The harshness of this mysterious land has forced such a rigid pattern on those who travel through it that a few books have sufficed to give us an armchair familiarity with the routine. Yet this book is as fresh as the mountain air of Tibet itself, for Dr. Migot took with him among his equipment a capacity for observation and detailed description as invaluable for one privileged to take so rare a journey as a whole laboratory full of scientific instruments. Especially interesting are his descriptions of religious places and ceremonies, for Dr. Migot has a strong sympathy with Buddhism and was even initiated into a Buddhist sect during his travels. The holy mountain Omeishan is but one of the places whose sights and sounds are conveyed with economy and vividness, and the big Chinese city of Chengtu can almost be smelt as one reads!

Comparison with Harrer's *Seven Years in Tibet* will be inevitable, but hardly fair, since Harrer's progress from escaped internee to tutor to the Dalai Lama gave his book a greater sense of development than one is entitled to expect in a travel book, while his seven years' residence provided a far greater opportunity to understand the Tibetan people. But judged simply as a travel book, *Tibetan Marches* could not be better, and Mr. Fleming has made a most exuberant translation. The reader will certainly not want to abandon his journey, though Dr. Migot might well have been excused for doing so on several occasions, notably when bandits robbed him of almost everything except his determination to carry on. But he is an incurable traveller. He has to his credit a bicycle trip from France to India, a second journey to Tibet, and membership of two expeditions to remote places in the Southern Ocean, all at an age when most men prefer the fireside and a pair of slippers. One hopes that his wanderlust will abate long enough to permit him to give an account of his second journey to Tibet.

Music in the Renaissance By Gustave Reese. Dent. 70s.

This is the long-awaited sequel to Professor Reese's remarkable study of *Music in the Middle Ages*. It covers a much wider and more complicated, if less abstruse, field and does so with all the thoroughness, accuracy and power of systematisation that characterise its predecessor. Professor Reese is not an 'original' scholar but he is unequalled among living musical historians in his knowledge of what the specialists and researchers have unearthed and written about their discoveries, and he has a sense of proportion and a synthetic ability far beyond those of most 'original' scholars. His book is not quite the one-man effort it appears to be; he handsomely acknowledges the help of various collaborators and some sections are actually signed by specialist contributors; but the vast bulk of its thousand pages is his. Here, collected with an industry almost beyond praise, are all we know on earth (or knew before about 1952), and all the facts most of us need to know, about music in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with exhaustive bibliographical references to what seems every work and every detail, including specially useful mention of all fairly accessible modern editions, appearances in anthologies, and so on.

The very completeness has its drawbacks. The effort to get in *everything* makes many a paragraph an almost unreadable jumble of biographical particulars, detailed description of compositions and discussion of general technical points. Every tree is examined in such detail that the reader gets only an impression that the forest is vast and almost impenetrable. Aesthetic appreciation is rare indeed; it is characteristic of Professor Reese that he can devote a long paragraph to technical description of the 'Missa Pange lingua' of Josquin des Prez without giving so much as a hint that it is one of the most beautiful compositions in the whole range of Renaissance music. When enthusiasm does

break in, it is apt to be rather naive—as in an unexpected reference to 'L'homme armé' as a 'grand old tune'.

Yet just as one is about to exclaim peevishly that this is not so much history as very thorough accumulation of historical facts, Professor Reese will stand back to deliver an admirable, balanced, but by no means orthodox, judgement such as this on Palestrina:

> A slightly derogatory attitude has taken form in some quarters during the twentieth century, as a reaction against romanticisation of the composer in the nineteenth century, when he was often looked upon as a lonely figure without a flaw. The more recent view has replaced overevaluation with underevaluation. Actually, Palestrina, in his church music, reveals himself as one of the three greatest composers of the twilight period in Renaissance music, the other two being Lassus and Byrd. If Josquin is historically a greater composer, that is due not only to his extraordinary intrinsic genius but to his good fortune in having lived when Renaissance music was at its high noon.

And on the same page he quietly demolishes a popular fallacy rooted in the somewhat limited knowledge of the amateur musicologists who used to champion Elizabethan music:

> Dissonance treatment regarded as bold . . . in English Tudor music, is not so much actually daring as it is archaic; the older Franco-Netherlanders had written in much the same vein.

Professor Reese is so thorough, so accurate and such a sure corrector of the inaccuracies of others, that it is almost a relief to note his ignorance of Pidoux' excellent modern edition of Andrea Gabrieli and to find one mistake after another in the music-type example on page 660.

The Poets Laureate. By Kenneth Hopkins. Bodley Head. 18s.

The Laureateship, like the Royal Academy and the Albert Memorial, has long provided an easy mark for the uncritical critic. Mr. Hopkins, however, is too well versed in his subject to approach it by the easy way of derision; and he is at some pains to show that even such minor figures as Shadwell, Eusden, and Whitehead are not entirely worthy of the obloquy and obscurity into which their tenures of the office have plunged them. Their undisputable failures as laureates seem to have blinded posterity to the charm and merit of many of their 'unofficial' verses.

The book is divided into two parts. The first is an account of the laureateship over the past 300 years (the author denies the official title to any of the predecessors of Dryden), together with some account of both holders and disappointed aspirants. Mr. Hopkins pays particular attention to the negotiations preceding successive appointments, from which (as always when the finger of officialdom is inserted into the pie of the arts) a considerable amount of amusement is to be derived. The relation of the poet to his greater public is always an interesting matter (and perhaps at the present time a peculiarly important one); and the appointment of the laureate is only a particular symptom of a general condition. That, on the death of Tennyson in 1892, Swinburne could be deliberately passed over for Alfred Austin (to quote only a single instance) is indicative of the attitude of a whole ruling class towards the 'name and nature of poetry'; it is at least additional confirmation that the aesthetic movement of the 'eighties and 'nineties had something pretty solid to move against. Thus Mr. Hopkins' book is as much a history of the status of poets in general in the body politic, as it is of the personal vagaries of their official representatives, the laureates.

The second part of *The Poets Laureate* is taken up with a short anthology of the laureates' work: here specimens of every poet's official production are contrasted with the same writer's unofficial verse at its best—and the difference is always remarkable. It is not quite so easy to be a successful laureate as some of us may have supposed. It is not difficult to laugh at Warton's Birthday Odes; but our greatest poets would have been glad to have written the 'Sonnet to the River Lodon'.

Mr. Hopkins is everywhere a humorous, sympathetic, and devastatingly well-read commentator. This is the first popular study of the laureates for forty years, and should be welcomed by all who interest themselves in the by-ways as well as the highways of poetry.

Nine Abstract Artists. Introduced by Lawrence Alloway. Tiranti. 7s. 6d.

Here is a book which introduces the work of some English artists who, since about 1949 or 50 have been working along abstract lines. They are Robin Adams, Terry Frost, Adrian Heath, Roger Hilton, Anthony Hill, Kenneth and Mary Martin, Victor Pasmore, William Scott. All are illustrated and contribute a page or so of words.

Mr. Alloway's introduction is written with a dispassionate and almost deadly velocity. One cannot altogether escape the feeling that these painters are being not so much written of as written off. This is certainly not the author's intention, but merely the effect of the extreme objectivity of his style; the style of a field report from a Martian anthropologist.

Mr. Alloway is excellent at clearing the philosophical and verbal problems which surround abstract art. Having shaken out the terms ('abstract', 'non-figurative', 'concrete') he faces the question of aesthetic Absolutes. To another critic this would be the equivalent of jumping out of the top bedroom window; but Mr. Alloway is as cool as he is deft and we know where we are in a page or two.

At one point alone his analysis seems to be a little too neat. He groups the tendencies of these painters round Victor Pasmore's change of style in the late 'forties. It is worth remarking that there was at that time a very general interest in (a) the consequences of extreme abstraction from nature, and (b) the possibility of rationalising these abstractions by geometry. These interests were in the air and did not derive individually from Pasmore but from the general experience of painters working in the Euston Road tradition. Probably none of these artists would deny Pasmore's teaching or belittle his influence in any way, but to the observer their progress seems to have been more concerted effort than follow-my-leader.

There are two kinds of description artists can give of their work which never fail to add to our understanding. Accounts which set out as best they can to describe what they are up against when they work; and retrospective surveys of what they have done, in which the artist seeks to generalise about the needs of art on the basis of his own discoveries. Hilton and Heath are examples of the former kind, Kenneth Martin and Pasmore of the latter. On the other hand, the grandiose generalisation about art-to-be is best kept at the bottom of the studio cupboard; for the reader it is invariably clap-trap and casts nothing but doubt on the works to which it refers. This book is not altogether free from this kind of thing. Abstract artists seem always to have felt themselves bound to justify their position, and the more often their work is reproached for its limitations the more ambitious their claims for it have become. They should not forget that the most interesting thing that they can tell the layman is what happens when they lay hands on their material.

One point suggests itself with regard to the illustration of books like this. It is clear that photographs of constructions, Mrs. Martin's or Victor Pasmore's or Kenneth Martin's mobiles, lose much of their meaning when they become like self-contained pictures on the page of the book; the same is true of paintings, Scott's or Hilton's, which are planned to extend outwards beyond the confines of the frame. These works include their surroundings, not in a picturesque way but in the same way that a machine includes in its design the space in which it must work. The photographs would have been more interesting if there had been fewer which looked like blueprints and more, like those on pages thirty-four and forty-four, which show constructions at work in their surroundings.

No doubt economy placed cruel restrictions upon the making of this book but it seems particularly inappropriate that the quality of typography and lay-out should be so ordinary. However, it is an excellent thing that it has been done; the work and ideas of these artists claim our attention by their seriousness and they could not have been introduced more clearly.

The Book of Beasts. By T. H. White. Cape. 32s. 6d.

This is the first full English version of the true medieval Latin Bestiary—that compendium of fact, fancy, and morality which served as a 'grammar of myth' to so many centuries of European writers. Mr. White has chosen a fine twelfth-century MS from Cambridge and translated the text entire; all the original illustrations (about 150 of them) are reproduced; and the translator's notes, bursting at the seams with curious witty and erudite information, are fully equal in bulk to the text itself. It will be gathered that this is rather an expansive and sumptuous production, and the price asked is not excessive; the typography is excellent, and it is one of the few modern books that looks even handsomer out of its jacket than in.

'A medieval Bestiary', as Mr. White remarks, 'when one first comes across it in the twentieth century, is irresistibly reminiscent of Hilaire Belloc'. Certainly it is full of unicorns and sirens and sphinxes which a later age has learned to laugh at: and the 'moralities' that succeed the 'scientific' descriptions tend to fall curiously enough upon the contemporary ear:

> Vultures are said not to go in for copulation, and not to mingle in a conjugal manner by way of nuptial intercourse. The females conceive without any assistance from the males and generate without conjunction. . . .
>
> What would those people say, who are accustomed to laugh at Mysteries, when they hear that a virgin vulture brought forth—those people who think that childbirth is impossible for an unmarried woman whose decency has had no knowledge of man? They actually suppose that the mother of God cannot do what vultures do!

But, as the translator adds, 'to approach it through the attitude of *A Bad Child's Book of Beasts* is to lose its fascination. It can hardly be repeated too often that the Bestiary is a serious scientific work'. He proceeds to sketch, with great sympathetic insight, the conditions for the dissemination of knowledge and of book-production in the twelfth century; and comes to the perhaps unexpected but wholly justified conclusion, that the really surprising thing about the Bestiary is not so much its flights of fancy as the volume and extent of its accurate information. Confronted with a phoenix or an amphisbœna, Mr. White's reaction is not to jeer, but to attempt to identify the creature that the bestiarist is trying to describe; and his successes in this respect form a most valuable part of the book. The only fault that can be found (and it is no more than an occasional one) is with the colloquialisms of the translation: 'go in for',

has been quoted, and on other pages we read 'lassoo', 'pickaback', 'shock-absorb', 'braking-action'. Certainly the Bestiarist wrote the doggiest of dog-Latin, but these neologisms are a different sort of thing altogether; there is a world of difference between monk-Latin and Boys' Own Paper-slang.

This is a minor (and perhaps arguable) defect, however, and *The Book of Beasts* may be unhesitatingly recommended to all who can afford it. It is a work that will appeal on a number of differing levels. For the student of medieval and renaissance imagery, it is a 'must'; but the common reader will find it a mine of fascination also.

New Novels

The Milky Way. By Jean Dutourd. Museum Press. 10s. 6d.
The Angel's Name. By Louise Collis. Faber. 12s. 6d.
The Bird's Nest. By Shirley Jackson. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.
The Village in the Trees. By Jonas Lamptey. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

M. JEAN DUTOURD'S *The Milky Way* is a delightful piece of satire. The translation, by Robin Chancellor, is painstaking and witty. The title, with its double meaning, indicates his skill: the dairyman's shop *Au Bon Beurre* is rich in lucky stars—it is M. Poissonard's great white road to wealth, for he milks its customers ruthlessly during the years of the German occupation of Paris. Charles-Hubert and his wife Julie are simply a vulpine pair of black-marketeers who stop at no low trick to cheat their customers, and incidentally exploit the misfortunes of their country. M. Dutourd presents them with such gaiety, such mockery, his shoulders raised in a perpetually suspended shrug, and everybody else is presented with such an impartial amusement at human folly, that the ever-to-be-feared *doppelgänger* of all satirists, the Moralist, is never once invoked. We are simply invited to be amused, and we are, infinitely amused. This is almost as good as anything by Marcel Aymé, and that is the highest praise I can give it. I insert the 'almost' only because of M. Dutourd's over-expansive way of stating everything, of suggesting nothing, and it might be added that Aymé's touches of tenderness are missing. M. Dutourd does not show his anger, but he has obviously at one time been a very angry man indeed: in controlling his anger he has, one feels, also hardened the softer places in his heart.

Besides the schemings of the Poissonards there is a second plot: the story of the youth Léon who used to live across the street, and is now an escaped prisoner. He is splendidly dotty. He is brave, noble, idealistic, unworldly, and misfortunate; which is to say that he is a romantic young man who sees himself now as Camille Desmoulins, now as a modern Charlotte Corday—he at one moment sets out to assassinate Laval with a clasp-knife. Of him M. Dutourd asks at one moment: Why should a hero not be ridiculous? The question offers the key not only to the approach of this novelist but of quite a number of modern novelists. For the answer is plain. The Hero is the brave representative of what society considers to be desirable, and whose reward it is to be decorated by the title. The Hero cannot be ridiculous. But when society is in a state of what Sean O'Casey calls 'chassis' there are no decorations, or there are too many. The would-be hero is confused, bewildered, may even live, poor chap, to be called a traitor, and is almost certain to appear ridiculous. He is then what, for want of a better term, we call the anti-hero. Modern literature is full of these characters. They are one of the most constant signs of our times. Their pedigree, however, is long. I suppose their Adam, as far as concerns the novel, is Don Quixote. The one thing essential to all of them is that they should be out on a limb. The Hero is a social convention. The anti-Hero is essentially a man on his own. Léon Lecamier is a notable and delightful addition to this family of half-crazed freebooters. This is not a novel likely to increase one's love for La Belle France and all that, but it is certain to increase one's admiration for French writing, its clarity, its honesty, its courage, its ruthlessness, its wit, and its reckless *jusqu'au boutisme*.

Louise Collis is a name that has from time to time come to one along the grapevine: a young writer who has 'broken through'. *The Angel's Name*, though her fourth novel, is the first to come my way. I suppose it was inevitable that her style of writing should have evoked the name of Virginia Woolf. This is a great pity and could do Miss Collis infinite harm. It really is high time we admitted honestly that Mrs. Woolf, as well as being one of the most delicate and, at times, rewarding writers of our period, was also one of the most exhausting bores in modern fiction. She could also be, for page after page, trite, obvious, and commonplace. She pursued her sensibilities like an exhausted bloodhound, while we toiled after, panting. If any reader who, like myself, adored her in his, or her, youth feels outraged by this opinion I beg him, or her, gently, to try again *The Years* or *Jacob's Room*. Yet, in the middle of these deserts of the commonplace what lovely oases suddenly may blossom for our delight: such as this from *Jacob's Room*:

> The snow, which had been falling all night, lay at three o'clock in the afternoon over the field and the hill. Clumps of withered grass stood upon the hill-top; the furze-bushes were black, and now and then a black shiver crossed the snow as the wind drove flurries of frozen particles before it. The sound was that of a broom sweeping—sweeping.

One can read that over and over again and not find a syllable misplaced. It is for these moments of palpitating sensibility, which she called 'moments of vision', in which the envelope of life becomes if not actually transparent at least much less opaque, that we read and reread Mrs. Woolf. Otherwise every critic who starts discussing her as a novelist has to evade frank admissions by talking about her as a prose-poet-novelist, which simply means that she could not cope with the basic and inevitable assumptions and limitations of the novel-form.

Now, Miss Collis does not, alas, relieve the stream of her semi-consciousness by such gleams as these. The following, dramatically(?) closing a chapter, is more in her style:

> Now the purple shadows, condensing on the plain, wrapped the city in a pall. The fields were merged. The river ran invisibly. All sound was hushed and outline gone. An ancient spirit stirred. The multitude of stars appeared, burning pinpoints, blue, electric; spinning, spell-bound in time's void. And the moon rose.

Miss Collis has a considerable amount of untapped talent. If she is working towards the discovery of her own personal and underived identity she will not find it in palls, voids, ancient spirits, and condensing shadows. That like which like seeks is not in our dreamy subjective selves: it is in outer actuality, where Mrs. Woolf alone found it in those moments when her vision pierced through the fog of Bloomsburyism to images that were at once themselves and pure mirrors of her deepest self.

If Stevenson had read Freud his Jekyll and Hyde would have become Jekyll, and Hyde, and Johnson and Harrison, and instead of a splendid fantasy he might, like Miss Shirley Jackson in *The Bird's Nest*, have given us a properly and rationally and explicably disintegrated quadrille personality; and it would have been a great loss to literature. Miss Jackson's title comes, I presume, from the nursery rhyme:

> Elizabeth, Lizzie, Betsy, and Bess
> Crossed the river to rob a bird's nest.
> There were four eggs in the nest, each took one;
> How many were left when they were done?

The answer is three, since the four names represent one girl. Elizabeth Richmond is a girl with four personalities, each of which from time to time takes possession of her. It is her psychiatrist's task to meld them into one person, or to exorcise her less pleasant personalities completely. Well, here, with a vengeance is the marriage of science and art, and for purposes of entertainment it is, with one qualification, a completely successful marriage. A friend in the course of a public lecture once started to say that conversation relieves the tedium of the novel; he inadvertently said, instead, that conversation relieves the tedium of marriage, and brought down the house. This marriage is made tedious by too much guff. As Flaubert said of a Daudet novel, there is too much paper in it. It goes on far too long. But I must testify that I read the first half in a state of utter absorption, and so will every reader. One wearies because Elizabeth Richmond is not really interesting in herself, for all her four personalities. Miss Jackson is a terrifyingly brainy woman; her human interest as a novelist, here at any rate, and for me at any rate, is unequal to her intellectual gifts. However, I may be old-fashioned in still believing, in the face of all modern knowledge, that the heart has reasons that Freud knew nothing about.

For something much more than entertainment I can recommend *The Village in the Trees*. Its theme is Africa in unrest. A young Englishman goes out there, likes the Africans, comes up against the more murky side of the African nature—a fetish murder—and suffers sad disillusion. Mr. Lamptey warms to people, white or black, and is as full of human interest as Miss Jackson is short of it. He gives us a vivid picture of both African and settler. Yet, the only reason I choose to review his novel (his first) is that he obviously could do much better if he cared to work harder. For example, this kind of end-of-chapter is as trite as Miss Collis' 'And the moon rose': '"Hobden shot himself here. In this bungalow. Couple of months ago. Didn't you know?"' Swift curtain. That is cheap and too easy. Mr. Lamptey's trouble is that if he writes a half dozen more yarns like this he has a very good chance of becoming a commercial success; if he tries to do better he may or may not succeed in another way, and will not be a commercial success. Reviewer shrugs. Publisher groans. Agent weeps. Mr. Lamptey goes into a deep trance.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

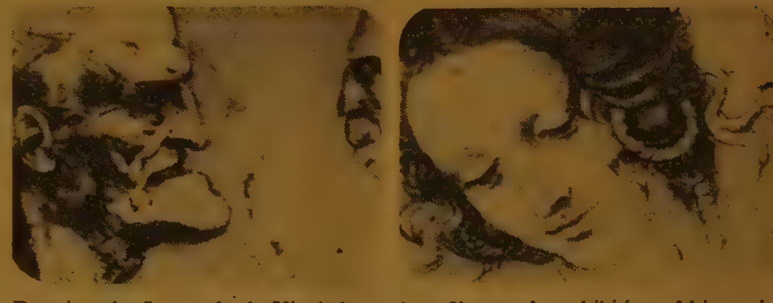
Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

More About Music

THERE WAS A PROGRAMME called 'The Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci', consisting of a film of some of his best works from the exhibition arranged some time ago by the Royal Academy. A commentary was spoken by Sir Laurence Olivier. A musical accompaniment had been 'specially composed' by Alan Rawsthorne. It tended to harden objections to background music in films and television raised here last week. In such a context it was needlessly stimulating, at times disagreeably obtrusive, suddenly fulminating as if in protest at the inadequacy of the composer's powers. The drawings of Leonardo are works before which one bows the head in silence. Put beside them, the Rawsthorne music was a mere mathematical exercise, serving no sufficient purpose, signalling no hint of inspiration. Its effect on me was that of a deaf person talking in a hallowed place.

Strangely insensitive to its opportunity of illustrating superhuman excellence, the film failed to do simple technical justice to the theme. None the less, one appreciated this use of it as a means by which our lesser minds might receive the impact of genius. Some may have seen in it an answer to Mrs. Knight's broadcasts. That many were caught up in wonder there can be no doubt, as others were uplifted, too, by Sir Gerald Kelly's excursion into the sublimities of great art in what he said was his last television talk from the galleries of Burlington House. A man of strong feelings, he presumably knows that, according to Ruskin, he is unlikely to qualify as a good judge of art. As an art populariser, he is entertainingly persuasive, with a liveliness of spirit alien to all official gallery guides. His enthusiasms lose nothing with the years, and on Friday night he fairly bounced us into sharing his raptures about Watteau's 'nice conduct' of a dainty hand and Chardin's way with candlesticks. For him art is joy. That being abundantly manifest, his disclaimers of self-advertising were redundant. We viewers can but hope that the note of finality which he sounded in his talk on Friday night will be heard, *prima donna* fashion, again and yet again. B.B.C. television cannot afford to part with Sir Gerald, especially in this year of momentous change and wavering loyalties.



Drawings by Leonardo da Vinci shown in a film on the exhibition of his work, held at the Royal Academy in 1952, the quincentenary of the artist's birth
John Cura

Can it afford to part with Christian Simpson and the ingenuities he inflicts upon us in his efforts to make music acceptable within the television terms of reference? I fear he prejudiced the answer to a purely rhetorical question with his programme called 'Watch the Music', which purported to illustrate 'the development of music', a large mandate for thirty minutes' programme time. True, a *Radio Times* programme note had prepared us for something this side of solemnity. It proved to be no insurance against tedium. I have seldom been so allergic to a seriously intended television programme; impatience broke out all over me. Seeking the new approach, the producer involved us in phantasmagoric effects in which point and meaning were utterly lost. Leonard Cassini and Alan Loveday, recently back from visiting Moscow as representative British musicians, were no doubt supposed to give coherence to the programme. Remembering having seen them in the film, 'Musicians to Moscow', I was beset by uneasiness lest 'Watch the Music' was being telerecorded for showing on Russian television: I cannot believe that it would do us any good there.

That television and music are not incompatibles was demonstrated in 'Is Jazz Music?' from the ballroom at Streatham Ice Rink, where Humphrey Lyttelton and his band supplied some of the answers to questions put by Berkeley Smith, rated for the occasion as an enquiring layman. Posing an old argument, the programme set about its business with commendable directness. The result was almost wholly congenial to me, the layman who had thought that he could not care less. It was a well-contrived, easy-to-see programme which had a point and stuck firmly to it.

Curious, that of the long list of Fleet Street men who have been empanelled for 'Press Conference', none has stood forth pre-eminently as B.B.C. television's answer to America's Ed Murrow, seen in the telerecorded interview with the actress Eva Gabor. The personal interview is a kind of journalism which television might exploit more fully, particularly seeing that the newspapers now will have none of it. Ed Murrow has not only personal assets to draw on but the lush cash and technical resources of an American network, giving him camera facilities, for instance, unknown as yet in our television. His telerecording last week made that of Gilbert Harding interviewing Evelyn Laye seem like a smudged carbon copy, despite the lady's obvious charms. 'You do say such nice things', he told her, showing that he does not know the difference between an interview and a cosy chat. Last week's 'Press Conference', by the way, was a telerecording of a session with R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia. He proved to be a first-rate subject, whose good humour was challenged but apparently not irked by James Cameron's oddly begrudging attitude.

'Zoo Quest' finished on the note of triumph, displaying to us at last its prize piece, the rare bird, *Picathartes*, which had enticed the expedition to the Gold Coast. I enjoyed the series, horrors and everything, and wish to propose a vote of thanks to Jack Lester, David Attenborough, and Charles Lagus for the pleasurable instruction they provided. 'Panorama', too, had its *rara avis*, Lord Harewood, who talked to us about the new opera by Michael Tippett, 'The Midsummer Marriage'. He faced the camera for the first time, I believe, and did it as to the manner

Adèle Leigh and the Earl of Harewood discussing Mr. Tippett's new opera 'The Midsummer Marriage' in 'Panorama' on January 26

A rare bird, the yellow-necked *Picathartes*, brought from the Gold Coast by the head keeper of the Bird House at the London Zoo, was shown in the final edition of 'Zoo Quest' on January 25

A scene from 'The Creature' on January 30 with (left to right) Arnold Marlé as the Lama of Rong-ruk Monastery, Stanley Baker as Tom Friend, and Peter Cushing as Dr. John Rollason

orn, using a tone of voice which in the dark night be mistaken for Peter Ustinov's. With Michael Tippett himself there to practice on, his cousin of majesty showed journalistic proficiency at extracting vital information.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Abominable

THE QUEST for the *yeti* or Abominable Snowman is popularly supposed to unite all classes of readers. Such is an editor's axiom. While here is promise of ghoulish excitement, the practical business involves climbing up mountains, which everyone knows to be a fine piritual exercise and what is called character-orming. Like chilblains, such endurances are in ome way virtuous. If virtue can be combined with the kind of excitement purveyed in the verage horror comic ('. . . the Thing came nearer, never had Gerda seen the like of its evil ye . . .'), then we can be as one people. For ven readers of *The Times*, as sober a bunch of citizens as you could ask, have been known to tart and let fall a pellet of marmalade on the ie while perusing this kind of adventure. 'The Creature' on Sunday night, the only considerable drama of the week, should have been a national sensation akin to '1984' (which had he same script writer). It was no such thing.

A constant and I fear platitudinous sigh goes up from this column for 'a real television play'. Here with 'The Creature' you might have hoped to find it. But no, this was Boy's Fiction standard with a conversational cut and thrust o the dialogue which sounded as dry and powdery as the snows of the film inserts. Stanley Baker explaining to Peter Cushing all about Homo Sapiens and Homo Vastans seemed extraordinarily unconvinced himself. I fancy a yawn may at this point have escaped Homo Videns, or average viewer. Mr. Cushing survived he expedition but was none the less an artistic casualty. Eric Pohlmann, the all too good mixer Brosset, died of fright, and Simon Lack (who is constantly one of such a party, I notice, spending half his artistic career in wrecked submarines, surrounded outposts, and caves on the Roof of the World) did some very amateurish mountaineering which, seen in close up, ooked as if it must inevitably precipitate a plunge into the abyss, which in due course came to pass with the usual echoing shriek.

I find it hard to say why the mere atmospherics—and there was enough wind machine to lift a smog cloud—failed right from the start to convince me. I suspect that it is because we are spoilt in the matter of mountain panorama on one sort of screen or another. One need not have been higher in person than the top of Primrose Hill; but who has not, in film or still picture, 'experienced' the silent infinities of Himalayan altitude? 'Still', perhaps that's the key. Silence, the essential element, was absent. The sound track surged with what sounded like bad César Franck or whined and whistled with un-cosy but curiously domestic draughts. Not even the Great Lama, with a middle-European English accent, could provide the necessary touch of awe.

What of the Creatures themselves? Aristotle is not thought much of, I reckon, in television-drama circles. But he once had a wise thing to say about leaving your ultimate horror to the imagination of the audience. This was the case of the Great Boyg all over again, as in 'Peer Gynt'. With such a build-up, almost anything in the way of a monster would have looked tame; especially as he was accompanied by those deadly spooky 'voices' which have been silent since the previous Sunday and which I confidently expect to be told are speeches by politicians recorded backwards (so opaque and miserable a sound can scarce be anything else). The first Creature we saw, dead, merely looked drunk. The second and third looked not unkindly, small-eyed to be sure, but then that seems quite attractive to some people. Something too much of this!

Hunt Royal' on January 25, with (left to right) Donald Houston as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Jane Wenham as Mary Tudor; Harcourt Williams as King Louis XII; Olga Lindo as Louise of Savoy; Alan Wheatley as the Duke of Angoulême, later Francis I

We may not all know about art, but at least we all know about Mr. David Nixon's hair. This clever comedian-conjurer's calvities has been a national rallying topic for many months now. So what more natural than a series founded on his home life? And what in due course more natural than similar series taking us *chez* Harding, and Barbara Kelly? This unassuming, magazine-cum-comedy programme, with Mr. Dixon's sly deflationary manner, made a pleasant start.

Another magazine programme which this week I shall claim as my province was 'Limelight', which was filled with film snippets (three of them at least I should have thought downright bad advertisements). Then there was an interview with Mr. A. E. Matthews, and we saw some of his film scenes. This fine veteran has of course done much better work than that. The interview, with a blustering, transatlantic-style ring master failing to get the old lion through the expected hoops, reached a final pitch of absurdity with the artist saying 'I'm not going to die yet awhile I hope', and being answered 'Why, we certainly hope you don't *pass*, Sir!'. The finale was supposed to show the difference between an operatic 'Carmen' and the Negro 'Carmen Jones'. The photograph in *Radio Times* wrongly suggested to me that we were to see excerpts from the film. No such luck. What we saw were studio mock ups, and though the 'white' versions were pretty terrible, these Negro versions were still worse. Rhythm, pitch, timbre—all wrong. Negro singing style, with its husky chest resonance and slack lips, swears horribly with Bizet's vocal line, planned for French voices pitched forward under the nostrils.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Plain and Ringlets

'YERSH', says, in effect, the Cockney who seems to be wandering in Broadcasting House; ''e laughs immoderate; quite refreshin' reely'. Certainly I 'laughed immoderate' while listening to 'In All Directions' (Home). Peter Ustinov and Peter Jones are back, hunting for their guide, philosopher, and—yes, exactly—friend; their vocal virtuosity is a sound-radio prize. 'And is old Double dead?' Never when Ustinov and Jones are around. They have a voice for everybody; no one is safe. The pattern of their half-hour is cobweb-fine; all they need is licence to be themselves—which means being

several other people—and off they go. They opened their newest excursion in Broadcasting House itself looking for their producer (Pat Dixon). Before we knew what had happened, we were listening to a General opening a motor-show, a raspingly genial personage in need of an aggressive cahrr, a faithful cahrr, a cahrr without undue comfort.

While we still reeled from the military man ('Good luck to you all'), we were lured into a 'Children's Hour' rehearsal. If the solemn event is not as Ustinov and Jones picture it, then it should be: I feel warmly acquainted with 'C. Chivers Marsh', who appeared 'by kind permission of the Lichfield Mummers' Trust'. For the moment everyone was occupied with a children's play that began with the cry 'Woof! Woof! Tatters!' The piece needed the most complex technical resource, stop-watch finesse. The 'woofs', it seemed, were 'blasting'. There was also a great deal of mike-boom and mike-spill, not to mention a certain amount of mike-shiver. While we coped with this, we had to swing suddenly to a matter of verisimilitude; 'Was that an attempt at stylising a stoat?' (Solution: a quick call to Research: check on 'stoat noises'.) No producer could have had a more troublesome session than 'Fuller Earth' while Ustinov and Jones astutely wove their warp and woof around him.

Still in Broadcasting House, one of them—U. or J.—mused on the fate of an announcer clamped in a studio with time to kill, and without gramophone records to kill it. Everything, to the fly on the wall, must be whipped into drama: 'And now the second-hand begins its second circuit of the clock'. As for the microphone itself: 'It stands in front of me, a mute testimony to the little Italian who started it all half a century ago'. Resource—that's the answer: It has always been the answer of the spivs, Dudley and Morrie Grosvenor. We heard them trying to run an Employment Bureau from a public telephone box: a tricky feat, even if they did knock out a pane so that letters could be pushed through to them. By then Ustinov and Jones seemed to be flagging, not vocally—gusto, precision, thrust, all were there —but verbally: the script had thinned. However, the pair know when to stop. On the glad thought, 'There must be some other producer', they slid again into the unknown, chartered libertines of the air, ready for any person, any subject, that took their roving minds. They would suit Praed's Vicar, with his talk 'like a stream which runs with rapid change from rocks to roses', and ends 'with some precepts deep for dressing eels or shoeing horses'. Call again, Mr. Ustinov, Mr. Jones. We laughs immoderate.

The arch Phyllis of 'Old English' (Light) would probably have described them as 'chooks' in the slang of 1905. This revival confirmed that the play is an odd jumble by a dramatist, John Galsworthy, who made a thorough mess of the domestic to-and-fro of Millicent Villas —how wise to cut the 'dead rat' joke!—but who could usually animate a Board or creditors' meeting, or any business deal. When he is brushing in the stoical octogenarian, the gruff old freebooter who (whatever the ethic of his business) has always moved 'bold and forth on', Galsworthy is a faithful creator. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the actor to match one creation with another. As 'Old English' spoke, curt, resolute, one could see the thick white hair, the massive head, the red, folded cheeks: it was a true radio evocation. Others (Mary Hope Allen produced) knew how to serve their dramatist; among them were Carleton Hobbs, the 'parchmenty' Pillin, and Beth Boyd as that not very neat-handed Phyllis whose dialogue contains such a line as 'Oh! Ah! ha! ha! he!'

Chesterton liked stories about people who zigzagged round while the truth lay under their noses. Hence, in 'The Finger of Stone' (Home) —a shapely dramatic version by Lance Sieveking—we were not surprised when the statue of a dead professor in a French market-place turned out to be the man's petrified body. Agreed, a curious plot; but Peter Coke was amply persuasive as the poet-detective Gale. Nobody was especially persuasive in the latest 'Hello, Playmates' (Home) which struck out hopefully in all directions without any real clue. I hope to write later of 'In Parenthesis' (Third).

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Mixed Bathing

ONE OF MY DIFFICULTIES in this Spoken Word business is that many of the talks and discussions I listen to are not addressed to me. At times the Third Programme plunges me clean out of my depth, at others the Home or the Light barely wet my ankles. In neither case do I enjoy my bathe. In the first, I can do no more than criticise the style and delivery of the broadcaster, but in the second I must also put myself, as far as possible, into the condition of the listener for whom the programme is intended, assuming the shining morning face if I switch on 'The Schools', not forgetting my knitting when I look in on 'Woman's Hour', and duly mewling, puking, and sucking my thumb when listening 'with mother'. It is all very difficult. Luckily, however, even when I listen in my own person my level of knowledge and intelligence is not consistent. It varies enormously with the subject. A highbrow in a few subjects, I am a mere man-in-the-street in others, so that even in my own person I can cover a fairly wide field.

This was brought home to me when listening to Graham Hough's four talks on 'The Novel and the Reader' which came to an end last week. For the truth about me and many other readers is that the older we get the fewer novels we read. Respectably well grounded in the great Victorians and in Meredith, James, Conrad, and Hardy, and here and there in later novelists, I have achieved a dazzling ignorance of my younger contemporaries. Hence, after an initial disappointment, I have been increasingly delighted by Mr. Hough's course, the more so that he is easy on the ear.

Not so Isaiah Berlin. 'A Marvellous Decade: 1838-1848' is the title of his four Northcliffe Lectures on the rise of the Russian intelligentsia delivered last autumn at University College, London, of which we are to hear recordings in the Third Programme. In the first, last week, 'The Young Intellectuals', Mr. Berlin spoke of Herzen, Belinsky, Turgenev, and Dostoievsky whose ideas, in the social criticism of the first pair and the novels of the second, sowed the seeds of the Russian Revolution. In this appetising introduction he described the electrifying impact of western ideas on four highly intelligent young men of a nation, as Mr. Berlin reminded us, which had known neither Renaissance nor Reformation. It was a lecture full of stimulating food for the mind, but this was to be had only at the cost of much physical fatigue, for Mr. Berlin, as I hinted above, is not easy to listen to. His phrases come hurtling over in gusts like driven grouse, and unless the listener is a pretty good shot and keeps all his wits about him he will find himself at the end of the day with a very small bag. By dint of keeping ears and wits at full stretch throughout the hour I managed to catch and retain most, but by no means all, of a lecture which I could not praise more highly than by declaring that it was well worth the agony.

'Commonwealth and Government' was the title of two short talks by Sir Ivor Jennings, designed as an introduction to a series he is to give at some later date on constitution-building in the nations of the British Commonwealth. The title did not greatly attract me and it was my sense of duty that drove me to switch on the first talk. Well, it only shows that you can't judge broadcasts, any more than persons, by their titles; for under this austere heading lay a couple of talks of enthralling human interest. In Ceylon Sir Ivor took part in the transition to self-government, and he is at present at Karachi assisting the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan; and in these talks he described the various human problems which have to be faced in the long process of education for self-government. Most of our dependencies have been plural societies—the mixed races of Malaya are only now beginning to regard themselves as Malayans, and in Kenya one hardly speaks of Kenyans—and this greatly complicates the problem. It requires, Sir Ivor told us, the education of two or three generations to fit a society for self-government and it is easier to create politicians than judges and administrators. These two short talks are the most illuminating I have ever heard on the subject.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Jung Idea

NOT FOR A LONG TIME has a new opera been heralded by so much explanatory prognostication on the one side and (I regret to say) philistine prejudice on the other, as Michael Tippett's 'The Midsummer Marriage', which received its first performance at the Royal Opera a week ago. The composer himself published a series of lengthy articles in which he sought to explain what he was trying to do, but only succeeded in darkening counsel by his difficulty in expressing his thought intelligibly. More illumination has been shed upon the subject by independent students of the score, which was published in good time by Messrs. Schott.

Yet the theme of the opera is not hard to divine—the sexual relationship of man and woman on the spiritual and the physical planes, and the conflict which an antagonism between these planes may provoke. Here is a serious and legitimate subject for a work of art, but one which needs a special tact and a sense of humour (by which I do *not* mean making a joke of it) in its handling. The libretto which the composer has written, displays chiefly a naive obsession with the sexual act wrapped up in an obscure symbolism of heterogeneous origin. Tippett is endowed with an imagination of unusual range and he has applied it to the product of wide reading in a variety of esoteric subjects. Celtic folk-lore, Gnostic philosophy, Greek and Indian mythology, and the psychological theories of Professor Jung are among the contributors to what must be the oddest farrago that has ever been presented to the public as a dramatic piece. The objection is not to the assembly of these assorted elements, but to the author's failure to co-ordinate them, and to present his ideas in a form which will communicate their meaning and the emotional implications directly to the audience.

It is significant that the text has a number of footnotes to explain the significance of certain phases of the action, in particular the partial metamorphoses which the principal characters undergo. Miss Sutherland comes down from her spiritual staircase in a white robe with sleeves that open like wings—is she an angel? No, she is half-way to becoming Athene who, we are solemnly reminded, 'was born without mother from Zeus' head'. Mr. Lewis, likewise, returns from a speleological expedition wearing scarlet with sequin epaulettes—is he the demon-king? No, he is demi-Dionysos, who 'had a second

[bir]th from Zeus' thigh'. There is nothing what[so]ever in the text to explain these symbolical [ch]anges, whose import should be self-evident, [if] they are to have any meaning for the [sp]ectator.

And yet the music nearly succeeds in making [se]nse of this complicated jumble of ideas. It [ca]nnot make a flat phrase—'All comment is [cle]arly out of place'—sound vivid, but it can [co]ver it up so that it passes unnoticed. The [m]usician's imagination is less hampered than the [po]et's by the load of ill-digested philosophy. It [ca]n, and does, soar. The music is intelligible, [of]ten of great beauty and incandescent with an [in]ner glow like that of the lotus-bud revealed [wh]en the veils of Sosostris are rent. We knew [alr]eady from the song-cycle, 'The Heart's [As]surance', which was broadcast in a pro[gr]amme on the composer's birthday, that [Ti]ppett is a master of vocal melody. He exploits [th]at mastery in the music he has written for his hero and heroine, though falling at times into his habit of writing instrumentally with long baroque *fioriture* for the voice. And he is a choral composer in the great English tradition.

That tradition did not grow up in the opera-house, and neither the choral movements, which are of striking beauty, nor the concerted numbers with solo voices seem to be operatic in conception. We seem to be present, rather, at an oratorio in costume, and one almost expects to find in the score instruction to the effect that 'Chorus sits' or 'stands', as in Vaughan Williams' 'Hodie'. It is partly a matter of numbers. Tippett has written for a large chorus, whereas the drama really demands only small groups of the friends of Mark and Jennifer. So the choir is ranged in serried ranks, all dressed rather dowdily and much alike, on either side of the stage. And when their presence is not required, they have to be marshalled off the stage, there being no visible wood in Barbara Hepworth's otherwise admirable set, which they can enter.

There is plenty of spectacle and ballet; the ritual dances in the second act, which is in itself wholly irrelevant to the story of Mark and Jennifer, are musically the best things in the score. But the main weaknesses of the work, apart from the obscurity and over-complication of the text, are slowness of the action, as instance the interminable vaticinations of Sosostris, the lack of individuality in the characterisation and the complexity of the orchestral score which too often obscured the singers' words. Possibly, for these reasons, the music may have made a better effect, despite the absence of spectacle, on the radio than in the theatre. I hope to be able to test this next week, when a second broadcast will afford an opportunity for revising first impressions and for discussing some details in this original and imaginative, if faulty, work.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Vaughan Williams' 'Sea Symphony'

By SCOTT GODDARD

The first of a series of broadcasts of Vaughan Williams' symphonies will be given in the Home Service at 6.15 p.m. on Sunday, February 6

THE approaching performance of Vaughan Williams' 'Sea Symphony' brings into sharp relief the general question of the nature of symphony. A [m]atter that evidently still troubles some of us, it [wa]s raised not long ago in the correspondence [co]lumns of THE LISTENER in such a way as to [su]ggest that even a careful listener may be be[wi]ldered when symphony forsakes the classical [m]anner of complete abstraction from extraneous [id]eas and takes to itself the other and different [lu]cidity of words. It is not the first time that [Va]ughan Williams' 'Sea Symphony' has started [th]at train of doubt. Is it in fact a symphony, this [fo]ur-movement work practically completely [ch]oral? Or is it perhaps a series of cantatas? [T]o provide an answer, the intrinsic nature of [th]is work has to be discovered and the interac[ti]on of music and words described.

The words are by Walt Whitman. They are [to] be found in sections called 'Sea Shore [M]emories', 'Passage to India' and elsewhere in [hi]s collected poems *Leaves of Grass*. The setting [is] for full chorus and orchestra with soprano and [ba]ritone soloists. Only at the beginning and end[in]g of the slow movement and in short inter[lu]des in the others does the orchestra play alone. [Th]e voices are in fact paramount throughout. [It] is this preponderantly choral scheme that [fo]r some listeners separates the work absolutely [fr]om true symphony.

There is first an imposing *Andante maestoso* [in]troduction that opens with a fanfare that will [be] heard again in later movements, and a very [br]oad sweep of melody that also is to reappear. [T]he words 'Behold the sea itself' and what [fo]llows in this first part are taken from Whit[m]an's 'Song of the Exposition'. The first subject [ha]ving been announced in that noble melody, the [se]cond appears when the time quickens; it is the [ba]ritone solo 'Today a rude brief recitative'. [A]nd now the movement follows more or less [ac]cepted symphonic procedure. The chief points [of] a usual first-movement scheme can be recog[ni]sed; development (starting at the soprano solo ['F]launt out, O sea') and recapitulation (at 'A [re]mnant universal'), the development lengthened [ge]nerously and with new material included, the [re]capitulation much compressed. Lastly, a [to]wering design, the first big melody. That [ev]entually gives way to a soft coda.

The slow movement, 'On the beach at night alone', sets forth with a slow, solemn pace and in a dark minor tonality; the restless surge of the sea portrayed in the orchestral introduction and continued in the baritone solo with its accompanying semi-chorus of contraltos. Then a change, as the key alters to a clear major tonality at the lines 'A vast similitude interlocks all'. After a while the solemnity of the first section enters again into the pattern of emotion. The movement ends with echoes of the opening orchestral music.

The scherzo is marked *Allegro brillante* and entitled 'The Waves'. The fanfare that started the symphony begins this movement which is filled with the noise of winds and waves in 'a motley procession with many a fleck of foam'. Through that the great ship pursues her way. Whitman's vision of the noble vessel brings the movement to its central point, equivalent to the trio in a symphonic scherzo, at the words 'Where the great vessel sailing' which the full chorus chant to a splendid new melody. Then a recapitulation of the opening section and so to the end.

The finale is the most diffuse of the four movements. But it too has its own specific, if complex, scheme and by the end its many fragments do in fact coalesce into a firm pattern. The movement, headed 'The Explorers', starts *Grave e molto adagio* with the chorus intoning 'O vast rondure swimming in space' to a melody which will appear twice again, once at the moment of great exaltation when 'the poet worthy that name, the true son of God shall come' and again, in part, when the man who, as Adam, has been heard as he descends with Eve from the gardens of Asia, sings 'O soul thou pleasest me' and so brings the argument back to its starting point. The twin souls sail the seas ('on its limitless heaving breast') while the music to which the ships sailed forth at the beginning of the symphony comes once more into the picture. The finale thus gathers in ideas or stray threads of visions from the past. In that way it keeps its symphonic quality and character. It is a true final statement, a completion of a large and varied scheme. The coda gives an impression of the loosening of all ties, as though the great vessel were already beyond human control, the human soul within the almost invisible region of the 'farthest sail' which has been from the outset its sole aim. At the end comes an alternation of chords which was to appear many years after at the end of the Sixth Symphony.

An analysis of the 'Sea Symphony' shows that this is what it purports to be: a work of symphonic character. It would be difficult to find any other title for it. And after all, what today is held to be the essential characteristic of a symphony? Sibelius has shown that a four-movement scheme is not of necessity the only possible plan for a symphony. Mahler has done the same. And since their day it has become increasingly evident that it will be useless for composers and commentators to appeal to the past in an attempt to bring order to the present. There are no rules that can today be adduced from history for controlling the construction of a twentieth-century symphony. Sibelius' single-movement Seventh and Mahler's double-movement choral Eighth have shattered that illusion. The addition of voices in Mahler's Second, Third, Fourth, and Eighth takes the symphony still further from its pre-Beethoven state. The abstract, purely orchestral work is invaded (in Mahler's Eighth completely overcome) by poetic suggestions and literary allusions. Music is now a partner and no longer the sole arbiter.

So it will be seen that Vaughan Williams' 'Sea Symphony' rightfully takes its place, choral though it is and in no sense abstract music, with Mahler's Eighth and according to present-day standards should be called a true symphony. The 'Sea Symphony' is actually nearer to the older idea of that type of work than the double-movement Eighth of Mahler; for it is cast in the accepted scheme of four movements, while each of those movements contains within itself many of the acknowledged elements of symphonic procedure. The evidence is, in fact, clear; this is no succession of cantatas (did the composer's direction, that the various movements might allowably be performed separately, start that hare?) but a symphony for chorus, soloists, and orchestra as the title-page has it.

The argument is further strengthened by the presence in all these four movements, including the apparently diffuse and fragmentary finale, of a sense of development and growth. No matter how few or how many the movements nor what forces are employed, as long as the music shows this development of thought throughout its course, the resultant work must be allowed the name of symphony.

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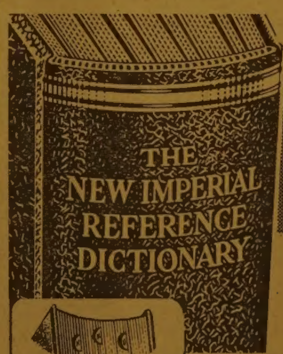

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It's no go the merry-go-round,
It's no go the batteri.
We've got to go and earn a pound,
So let's take a taxi.
(*Anon.*)

We've a feeling that this jingle was written by a very frustrated motorist. But then, after swinging a starting handle for fifteen minutes who wouldn't be frustrated. Perhaps 'Anon' will read this advertisement, because we have got a cure for his frustration. He should . . .

1. Visit a garage or accessories dealer and buy a Davenset Model 'H' Charger. (This will cost him 117/6).
2. Carry it home (it's quite small) and plug it into the mains.
3. Throw away his starting handle (he should enjoy doing this).
4. Charge the battery religiously (a 6 or 12 volt battery charges at 2¼ amperes on the Davenset Model 'H').
5. Enjoy summer motoring this winter, then re-write his jingle thus:

I've thrown away my 'merry-go-round',
I've motored the winter thro'.
'Cos, thanks to the Model 'H', I have found
My battery's as good as new.
(*Also Anon.*)

DAVENSET

MODEL H BATTERY CHARGER

PARTRIDGE WILSON & CO., LTD., Davenset Electrical Works, Leicester

---

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Feb. 16th **DECORATIVE DESIGN IN EARLY SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS** by Dr. F. Sherwood Taylor, *Director of the Science Museum.*
Feb. 23rd **THE ORIGINS OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE DRAWING** by Iolo Williams

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What's NEWS?

Ask your newsagent

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

:AKE MAKING FOR BEGINNERS—III

N THE THIRD METHOD of cake-making, no fat ; used—or seldom used, there are one or two xceptions. It is sometimes referred to as the vhisking or beating method, and is the one sed for the real sponge-cake. It depends for its ghtness on arduous beating or whisking and or its final perfection on careful mixing and aking.

This type of cake is sometimes cooked in a ancy tin mould. But whether it is a mould or in, it should be brushed over with butter or nargarine which has been previously clarified. This is to make certain that there is no danger f sticking. Having greased it shake in flour and aster sugar—mixed in equal quantities. Twirl he tin round until every corner is covered with coating of mixed flour and sugar, then shake ut any surplus. This gives the characteristic mooth appearance to the sides.

Recipes for this cake vary only slightly—the nain ingredients are flour, sugar, and eggs, with he invariable pinch of salt. Some have baking owder added—flavouring is a matter of choice. Some recipes mix the flours, adding cornflour r rice flour to the plain flour. Always sieve the lour, salt, and baking powder and remember hat the delicious sponge texture comes from the vhisking of the eggs and sugar. The eggs are eaten first, then the sugar added and whisked horoughly for about twenty minutes, until thick nd creamy. When ready, the whisk should leave ts impression on the surface of the mixture vhen it touches it. Flavouring is then added and he flour very lightly folded in with a metal poon. It should be baked in a very moderate ven (about 330°) until set. When cooked, if ently touched, it should feel springy.

A most useful and simple example of this hird method is the Swiss roll. All you have to do is to grease a tin, line it with greaseproof paper, which you then brush over with margarine, and prepare your mixture, which is two of everything for the main ingredients: two ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, and two eggs, the usual pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Make your mixture by beating the eggs and sugar till thick and folding in the flour. Spread it over the tin, not forgetting the corners, bake it for about eight minutes in a hot oven, turn it out on to sugared paper and spread some melted jam over it. Roll it up as quickly as possible.

ANN HARDY

ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT

There is almost no end to the ways oranges and grapefruit can bring extra colour and excitement into cookery without any great expense. I pick the brown-spotted grapefruit, not the all-over shiny yellow ones, which seldom have the best flavour. I often bake grapefruit for the first course of the family evening meal, allowing about twenty minutes in a moderate oven, using honey and nutmeg, or ground ginger, and sometimes a dash of sherry or madeira. I do the same to juicy oranges.

I also peel firm, well-fleshed grapefruit and oranges, in the proportion of one grapefruit to two oranges and pick the flesh from the skin in each section. A laborious job, but so rewarding when the orange and yellow flesh is piled into a pyramid on a glass dish, well dredged with sifted icing, not caster, sugar and served for dessert icy cold with cake or biscuits.

Another easy, but impressive-looking sweet has the grand name of *Oranges à la Turque*. This simply means carefully peeled oranges which are boiled in sugar-and-water syrup until they are swollen and tender. You then lift each one out on to individual dishes, and boil up the syrup with hair-thin shreds of orange peel, like spillikins, from which all the pith has been removed. Finally, you pour both syrup and orange-peel spillikins over each fruit, stick tiny stems of angelica in the tops, chill and serve.

I like to use orange juice for making orange jelly, just the way you do red-currant jelly. If you have never eaten jugged hare, stuffed veal, pork, or mutton with good home-made orange jelly instead of red-currant jelly you have a treat in store.

PHYLLIS CRADOCK

Notes on Contributors

SIR JOHN SLESSOR, G.C.B. (*page 179*): Marshal of the Royal Air Force; Chief of the Air Staff 1950-52; Commandant, Imperial Defence College, 1949; C.-in-C., Royal Air Force, Mediterranean and Middle East, 1944-45; author of *Air Power and Armies*

WILLIAM CLARK (*page 181*): member of the editorial staff of *The Observer*

SIR RONALD STORRS, K.C.M.G. (*page 187*): Governor and C.-in-C. Cyprus, 1926-32; Military Governor of Jerusalem, 1917-20; author of *Orientations*, etc.

K. C. WHEARE (*page 189*): Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, Oxford University since 1944; author of *Modern Constitutions, Federal Government, The Statute of Westminster*, etc.

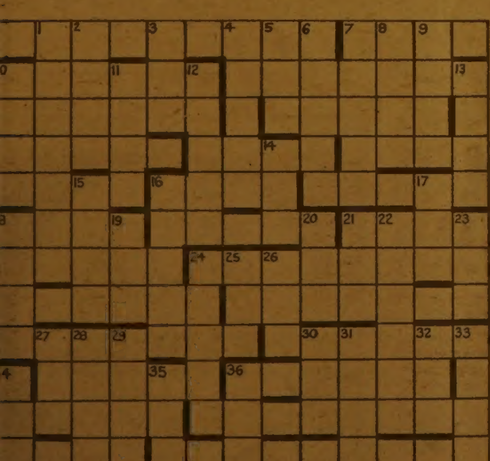
ANTON BRUUN (*page 193*): on the staff of the Universitetets Zoologiske Museum, Copenhagen

DARSIE GILLIE (*page 195*): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Paris

Crossword No. 1,292. Aviary. By Occid

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and nvelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner



AME...

DDRESS...

Across lights (unclued) are names of birds

CLUES

1. Fish often found attached to birds (7)
2. Song, of song-thrush, perhaps (4)
3. The bird has lost its head and is in trouble (3)
4. Dawn chorus might resemble this musical work (5)
5. Spenser's hamper (3)
6. Old pines (5)
7. Collected in Shetland Isles (5)
8. Excited (4)
9. Tree (4)
10. The Mimus does (4)
11. Adjective applicable to the Solitary Sandpiper (4)
12. Stranger (5).
13. Twist part of a South American mammal (4)
14. Measure (3)
15. Stolen (4).
16. Teacher (5)
17. Eggs, but not birds' eggs (3)
18. Retch (4)
19. Turn Edward (3)
20. Singular part of **17** (3)
21. Animal part of **7** (3)
22. Wild ass (6)
23. Blue Bird family (3)
24. Desire for rank and degree (5)
25. Awful bore (3)
26. Owl's staple diet (3)
27. Same as **20** (3)
28. Flatter (4)
29. Part of an abridged book or volume (4)
30. Alter an unfinished piece—bosh! (3)
31. Longer than part of **36** across bird (4)
32. Anagram of **17** (3)
33. Imbecile loses head in river (4)
34. Injure by cutting off head or tail of bird (3)
35. Girl, part bird—part fish (3)
36. Parson-bird (3)

Solution of No. 1,290

P	L	A	Y	S	P	L	E	A	S	A	N	T
A	R	U	P	E	E	I	N	S	I	C	K	I
R	O	G	E	R	T	R	I	S	T	R	A	M
D	S	U	R	V	E	N	D	S	E	I	L	O
O	S	S	I	A	N	E	G	A	R	D	E	N
N	O	T	E	L	A	R	R	E	E	C	H	O
E	C	U	P	A	T	I	E	N	T	O	A	F
R	O	S	I	N	A	S	A	T	E	N	N	A
S	A	C	R	A	L	S	T	A	S	S	E	T
T	I	H	O	C	H	A	S	M	A	T	Y	H
A	R	E	T	H	U	S	A	A	V	A	R	E
L	S	E	R	E	G	I	I	R	E	N	E	N
E	I	K	O	N	O	C	L	A	S	T	E	S

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. H. Atkins (London, N.W.3); 2nd prize: J. K. Lorimer (Baillieston); 3rd prize: D. Willcocks (Worcester)

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